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Selections

FROM

Tales of the Borders

AND OF

Scotland.

BY

JOHN MACKAY WILSON.



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TALES OF THE BORDERS.

THE ADOPTED SON.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF THE COVENANTERS.

“Oh for the sword of Gideon, to rid the land of tyrants, to bring down the pride of apostates, and to smite the ungodly with confusion,” muttered John Brydoneto himself, as he went into the fields in the September of 1645, and beheld that the greater part of a crop of oats, which had been cut down a few days before, was carried off. John was the proprietor of about sixty acres on the south bank of the Ettrick, a little above its junction with the Tweed. At the period we speak of, the talented and ambitious Marquis of Montrose, who had long been an appostate to the cause of the Covenant, and not only an apostate, but its most powerful enemy, having, as he thought, somewhat crushed its adherents in Scotland, in the pride of his heart led his followers towards England, to support the tottering cause of Charles in the south, and was now with his cavalry quartered at Selkirk, while his infantry were encamped at Philiphaugh, on the opposite side of the river.

Every reader had heard of Melrose Abbey—which is still venerated in its decay, majestic in its ruins—and they have read, too, of the abode of the northern wizard, who shed the halo of his genius over the surrounding scenery. But many have heard of Melrose, of Scott, and of Abbotsford, to whom the existence of Phil-

phaugh is unknown. It, however, is one of those places where our forefathers laid the foundation of our freedom with the bones of its enemies, and cemented it with their own blood. If the stranger who visits Melrose and Abbotsford pursue his journey a few miles farther, he may imagine that he is still following the source of the Tweed, until he arrive at Selkirk, when he finds that for some miles he has been upon the banks of the Ettrick, and that the Tweed is lost among the wooded hills to the north. Immediately below Selkirk, and where the forked river forms a sort of Island, on the opposite side of the stream, he will see a spacious haugh, surrounded by wooded hills, and forming, if we may so speak, an amphitheatre bounded by the Ettrick, between the Yarrow and the Tweed. Such is Philphaugh, where the arms of the Covenant triumphed, and where the sword of Montrose was blunted for ever.

Now, the sun has not yet risen, and a thick, dark mist covered the face of the earth, when, as we have said, John Brydone went out into his fields, and found that a quantity of his oats had been carried away. He doubted not but they had been taken for the use of Montrose's cavalry: and it was not for the loss of his substance that he grieved, and that his spirit was wroth, but because it was taken to assist the enemies of his country, and the persecutors of the truth; for than John Brydone, humble as he was, there was not a more dauntless or a more determind supporter of the Covenant in all Scotland. While he yet stood by the side of his field, and, from the thickness of the morning, was unable to discern objects at a few yards distance, a party of horsemen rode up to where he stood. "Countryman," said one who appeared to be their leader, "can you inform us where the army of Montrose is encamped?"

John, taking them to be a party of Royalists, sullenly replied, "There's mony ane asks the road they ken." and was proceeding into the field.

"Answer me!" demanded the horseman angrily, and raising a pistol in his hand, "Sir David Lesly commands you."

"Sir David Lesly!" cried John, "the champion of the truth!—the defender of the good cause. If ye be Sir David Lesly, as I trow ye be, get yer troops in readiness, and before the mist vanish on the river I will deliver the host o' the Philistines into your hands."

"See that ye play not the traitor," said Lesly, "or the nearest tree shall be unto the as the gallows was to Haman which he prepared for Mordecai."

"Do even so to me, and more also," replied John, "if ye find me false. But think ye that I look as though I bore the mark of the beast upon my forehead?" he continued, taking off his Lowland bonnet and gazing General Lesly full in the face.

"I will trust you," and the General; and, as he spoke, the van of his army appeared in sight.

John having described the situation of the enemy to Sir David, acted as their guide untill they came to the Shaw Burn, when the General called a halt. Each man having partaken of a hurried repast by order of Sir David, the word was given along the line that they should return thanks for being conducted to the place where the enemy of the Kirk and his army slept in imaginary security. The preachers at the head of the different divisions of the army gave out a psalm, and the entire host of the Covenanters, uncovering their heads, joined at the same moment in thanksgiving and praise. John Brydone was not a man of tears, but, as he joined in the psalm, they rolled down his cheeks, for his heart felt, while his tongue uttered praise, that a day of deliverance for the people of Scotland was at hand. The psalm being concluded, each preacher offered up a short but earnest prayer; and each man, grasping his weapon, was ready to lay down his life for his religion and his liberty.

John Brydone, with his bonnet in hand, approaching Sir David, said, "Now, sir, I that ken the ground, and the situation o' the enemy, would advise ye, as a man who has seen some service mysel, to halve your men; let the one party proceed by the river to attack them on the one side, and the other go round the hills to cut off their retreat."

"Ye speak skilfully," said Sir David, and he gave orders as John Brydone had advised.

The Marquis of Montrose had been disappointed in reinforcements from his sovereign. Of two parties which had been sent to assist him in his raid into England, one had been routed in Yorkshire, and the other defeated on Carlisle sands, and only a few individuals from both parties joined him at Selkirk. A great part of his Highlanders had returned home to enjoy their plunder; but his army was still formidable, and he imagined that he had Scotland at his feet, and that he had nothing to fear from anything the Covenanters could bring against him. He had been writing dispatches throughtout the night; and he was sitting in the best house in Selkirk, penning a letter to his sovereign, when he was startled by the sounds of cannon and of musketry. He rushed to the street, the inhabitants were hurrying from their houses—many of his cavalry were mingling, half-dressed, with the crowd. "To horse! to horse!" shouted Montrose. His command was promptly obeyed; and, in a few moments, at the head of his cavalry, he rushed down the street leading to the river towards Philiphaugh. The mist was breaking away, and he beheld his army fleeing in every direction. The Covenanters had burst upon them as a thunderbolt. A thousand of his best troops lay dead upon the field. He endeavoured to rally them, but in vain; and cutting his way through the Covenanters, he fled at his utmost speed, and halted not until he had arrived within a short distance of where the delightful watering town of Innerleithen now stands, when he sought a temporary resting-place in the house of Lord Traquair.

John Brydone, having been furnished with a sword, had not been idle during the engagement; but as he had fought upon foot and the greater part of Lesly's army were cavalry, he had not joined in the pursuit; and, when the battle was over he conceived it to be as much his duty to act the part of the Samaritan as it had been to perform that of a soldier. He was busied,

therefore, on the field, in administering, as he could, to the wounded; and whether they were Cavalier or Covenanters it was all one to John; for he was not one who could trample on a fallen foe, and in their hour of need he considered all men as brothers. He was passing within about twenty yards of a tent upon the Haugh, which had a superior appearance to the others—it was larger, and the cloth which covered it was of a finer quality; when his attention was arrested by a sound unlike all that belonged to a battle-field—the wailing and cries of an infant! He looked around, and near lay the dead body of a lady, and on her breast, locked in her cold arms, a child of a few months old was struggling. He ran towards them—he perceived that the body was dead—he took the child in his arms—he held it to his bosom—he kissed its cheek. “Puir thing! puir thing!” said John, “the innocent hae been left to perish among the unrighteous.” He was bearing away the child, patting its cheek, and caressing it as he went, and forgetting the soldier in the nurse, when he said unto himself, “Puir innocent!—an’ belike yer wrang-headed faither is fleeing for his life, an’ thinking about ye an’ yer mother as he flees! Weel, ye may be claimed some day, an’ I maun do a’ in my power to gie an account o’ ye.” So John turned back towards the lifeless body of the child’s mother; and he perceived that she wore a costly ring upon her finger, and bracelets on her arms; she also held a small parcel, resembling a book, in her hands, as though she had fled with it, without being able to conceal it, and almost at the door of her tent she had fallen with her child in her arms, and her treasure in her hand. John stopped upon the ground, and he took the ring from her finger, and the bracelets from her arms; he took also the packet from her hands, and in it he found other jewels, and a purse of gold pieces. “These may find thee a faither, puir thing,” said he; “or if they do not, they may befriend thee when John Brydone cannot.”

He carried home the child to his own house, and his wife had at that time an infant daughter at her breast,

and she took the foundling from her husband's arms, and became unto it as a mother, nursing it with her own child. But John told not his wife of the purse, nor the ring, nor the rich jewels.

The child had been in their keeping for several weeks, but no one had appeared to claim him. "The bairn may hae been baptized," said John; "but it wad be after the fashion o' the sons o' Belial; but he is a brand plucked from the burning—he is my bairn noo, and I shall be unto him as a faither—I'll tak upon me the vows, and, as though he were flesh o' my ain flesh, I will fulfil them." So the child was baptized; and, in consequence of his having been found on Philiphaugh, and of the victory there gained, he was called Philip; and, as John had adopted him as his son, he bore, also the name of Brydone. It is unnecessary for us to follow the foundling through his years of boyhood. John had two children—a son Daniel, and Mary, who was nursed at her mother's breast with the orphan Philip. As the boy grew up, he called his protectors by the name of father and mother; but he knew they were not such, for John had shown him the spot upon the Haugh where he had found him wailing on the bosom of his dead mother. Frequently, too, when he quarrelled with his playfellows, they would call him the "Philiphaugh foundling," and "the cavalier's brat;" and on such occasions Mary was wont to take his part, and, weeping, say "he was her brother." As he grew up, however, it grieved his protector to observe that he manifested but little of the piety, and less of the sedateness of his own children. "What is born i' the bane isna easily rooted out o' the flesh," said John; and in secret he prayed and wept that his adopted son might be brought to a knowledge of the truth. The days of the Commonwealth had come, and John and his son Daniel rejoiced in the triumphs of the Parliamentary armies, and the success of its fleets; but while they spoke, Philip would mutter between his teeth, "It is the triumph of murderers!" He believed that but for the ascendancy of the Commonwealth he might have

obtained some tidings of his family; and this led him to hate a cause which the activity of his spirit might have tempted him to embrace.

Mary Brydone had always been dear to him; and, as he grew towards manhood, he gazed on her beautiful features with delight; but it was not the calm delight of a brother contemplating the fair face of a sister; for Philip's heart glowed as he gazed, and the blush gathered on his cheek. One summer evening they were returning from the fields together, the sun was sinking in the west, the Etterick murmured along by their side, and the plaintive voice of the wild dove was heard from the copse-wood which covered the hills.

"Why are you so sad, brother Philip?" said Mary, "would you hide anything from your own sister?"

"Do not call me *brother*, Mary," said he earnestly—"do not call me *brother*."

"Who would call you brother, Philip, if I did not?" returned she affectionately.

"Let Daniel call me brother," said he eagerly; but not you—not you!"

She burst into tears. "When did I offend you, Philip?" she added, "that I may not call you brother?"

"Never, Mary!—never!" he exclaimed; "call me Philip—*your* Philip!—anything but brother!" He took her hand within his—he pressed it to his bosom. "Mary," he added, "I have neither father, mother, brother, nor kindred—I am alone in the world—let there be something that I can call *mine*—something that will love me in return! Do you understand me, Mary?"

"You are cruel, Philip," said she, sobbing as she spoke, "you know I love you—I have always loved you!"

"Yes! as you love Daniel—as you love your father; but not as——"

"You love Mr. Duncan," he would have said; but his heart upbraided him for the suspicion, and he was silent. It is here necessary to inform the reader that Mr. Duncan was a preacher of the Covenant, and John

Brydone revered him much. He was much older than Mary, but his heart cleaved to her, and he had asked her father's consent to become his son-in-law. John, though a stern man, was not one who would force the inclination of his daughter; but Mr. Duncan was, as he expressed it, "one of the faithful in Israel, and his proposal was pleasing to him. Mary, however, regarded the preacher with awe, but not with affection.

Mary felt that she understood Philip—that she loved him, and not as a brother. She hid her face upon his shoulder, and her hand returned the pressure of his. They entered the house together, and her father perceived that his daughter's face was troubled. The manner of both was changed. He was a shrewd man as well as a stern man, and he also suspected the cause.

"Philip," said he calmly, "for twenty years hae I protected ye an' watched ower ye wi' a faither's care, an' I fear that, in return for my care, ye hae brought sorrow into the bosom o' my family—an instilled disobedience into the flesh o' my ain flesh. But, though ye hae cleaved—as it maun hae been inherent in your bluid—after the principles o' the sons o' this world, yet, as I ne'er found yet guilty o' a falsehood, an' as I believe ye incapable o' ane, tell me truly, why is yer countenance, an' that o' Mary, changed—and why are ye baith troubled to look me straight in the face? Answer me—hae ye taught her to forget that she is yer sister?"

"Yes," answered Philip; "and can it offend the man who saved me, who has watched over me, and sheltered me from infacy till now, that I should wish to be his son in more than in name?"

"It does offend, Philip, said the Covenanter; "even unto death it offends me! I hae consented that my dochter shall gie her hand to a guid an' a godly man, who will look after her welfare baith here and hereafter. And ye kenned this—she kenned it, and she didna refuse; but ye hae come like the son o' darkness, an' sawn tares amang the wheat."

"Father," said Philip, "if you will still allow me to

call you by that name—foundling though I am—unknown as I am—in what am I worse than him to whom ye would sacrifice your daughter's happiness?

"Sacrifice her happiness!" interrupted the old man; "hoo daur ye speak o' happiness, wha kens nae meanin' for the word but the vain pleasures o' this sinful world? Think ye that, as a faither, an' as ane that has my offspring to answer for, that I daur sacrifice the eternal happiness o' my bairn for the gratification o' a temporary feeling which ye encourage the day and may extinguish the morn. Na, sir; they wha wad ken what true happiness is, maun first learn to crucify human passions. Mary," added he, sternly, turning to his daughter, "repeat the fifth commandment.

She had been weeping before and she now wept aloud.

"Repeat it," replied her father yet more sternly.

"Honour thy father and mother, added she, sobbing as she spoke.

"See, then, bairn," rejoined her father, "that ye remember that commandment on yer heart as weel as on yer tongue. Remember, too, that o' a' the commands, it's the only ane to which a promise is attached; and, noo, mark what I say, an', as ye wadna disobey me, see, at yer peril, that ye ne'er permit this young man to speak to ye again, save only as a brither.

"Sir," said Philip, "we have grown up together like twin tendrils on the same vine, and can ye wonder that our hearts have become entwined round each other, or that they can tear asunder because ye command it? Or could I look on the face of an angel——

"Out on ye, blasphemer!" interrupted the Covenanter—"wad ye apply siccan epithets to a bairn o' mine? Once for all, here me, Philip; there be but twa ways o't, and ye can tak yer choice. It's the first time I hae spoken to ye roughly, but it isna the first time my spirit has mourned ower ye. I hae tried to lead ye in the right path; ye hae had baith precept and example afore ye; but the leaven o' this warld—the leaven o' the persecutors o' the Kirk and the Covenant—was in yer

very bluid; an I believe, if opportunity had offerd, ye wad hae drawn yer sword in the unholy cause. A' that I could say, and a' that I could do, religion has ne'er had ony place in yer heart; but ye hae yearned aboot yer faither, and ye hae yearned aboot yer mother—an' that was natural aneugh—but oh! ye hae also desired to cling to the cauld formality o' Episcopacy, as they nae doot did: an' should ye ere discover that yer parents hae been Papists, I believe that ye wad become ane too! An' often, when the conversation turned upon the apostate Montrose, or the gallant Lesly, I hae seen ye manifest the spirit an' the very look o' a persecutor. Were I to gie up my dochter to such a man, I should be worse than the heathen wha sacrifice their offspring to the abomination o' idols. Noo, Philip, as I hae tauld ye, there are but twa ways o't. Either this very hour gie me your solemn promise that ye will think o' Mary as tae be yer wife nae mair, or, wi the risin' o' to-morrow's sun, leave this house for ever."

"Sir," said Philip, bitterly, "your last command I can obey, though it would be with a sad heart—though it would be in dispair—your first I cannot—I will not!"

"You must—you shall!," replied the Covenanter.

"Never!" answered Philip.

"Then," replied the old man, "leave the roof that has sheltered ye frae yer cradle."

"I will," said Philip, and the tears ran down his cheeks. He walked towards Mary, and, with a faltering voice said: "Farewell, Mary—farewell. I did not expect this; but do not forget me—do not give your hand to another—and we shall meet again."

"You shall not," interrupted the inexorable old man.

Mary implored her father, for her sake, and for the sake of her departed mother, who had loved Philip as her own son, that he would not drive him from the house, and Daniel, too, entreated; but their supplications were vain.

"Farewell, then," said Philip, "and, though I depart in misery, let it not be with thy curse, but let the blessing of him who has been to me a father until now go with me."

"The blessin' o' Heaven be wi' ye and around ye, Philip!" groaned the Covenanter, struggling to conceal a tear: "but if ye will follow the dictates o' yer rebellious heart and leave us, tak wi' ye yer property."

"My property!" repeated Philip.

"Yer property," returned the old man. "Twenty years has it lain in that drawer, an' during that time eyes hae not seen it, nor fingers touched it. It will assist ye noo; an', when ye enter the warld, may throw some light upon yer parentage."

He went to a small drawer, and unlocking it, he took out the jewels, the bracelet, the ring, and the purse of gold, and, placing them in Philip's hand, exclaimed, "Fareweel!—fareweel!—but it maun be!" and he turned away his head.

"O Mary!" cried Philip, "keep—keep this in remembrance of me," as he attempted to place the ring in her hand.

"Awa, sir!" exclaimed the old man, vehemently, "wad ye bribe my bairn into disobedience, by the ornaments o' folly an' iniquity! Awa, ye son o' Belial, and provoke me not to wrath!"

Philip groaned, he dashed his hand upon his brow, and rushed from the house. Mary wept long and bitterly, and Daniel walked to and fro across the room, mourning for one whom he loved as a brother. The old man went out into the fields to conceal the agony of his spirit; and, when he had wandered for a while, he communed with himself, saying, "I hae dune foolishly, an' an ungodly action hae I performed this night; I hae driven oot a young man upon a wicked warld, wi' a' his sins, an' his follies on his head; an', evil come upon him, or he plunge into the paths o' wickedness, his bluid an' his guilt will be laid at my hands! Puir Philip," he added; "after a' he had a kind heart!" And the stern old man drew the sleeve of his coat across his eyes. In this frame of mind he returned to the house. "Has Philip not come back?" said he, as he entered. His son shook his head sorrowfully, and Mary sobbed more bitterly.

"Rin ye awa doun to Melrose, Daniel," said he, "an' inquire for him, an' bring him back. Yer faither has allowed passion to get the better o' him, an' to over-come baith the man and the Christian."

"Run, Daniel, Run!" cried Mary eagerly. And the old man and his son went out in search of him.

Their inquiries were fruitless. Days, weeks, and months rolled on, but nothing more was heard of poor Philip. Mary refused to be comforted; and the exhortations, the kindness, and the tenderness shown towards her by the Rev. Mr. Duncan, if not hateful, were disagreeable. Dark thoughts, too, had taken possession of her father's mind, and he frequently sank into melancholy; for the thought haunted him that his adopted son, on being driven from his house, had laid violent hands upon his own life; and this idea embittered every day of his existence.

More than ten years had passed since Philip had left the house of John Brydone. The Commonwealth was at an end, and the second Charles had been recalled; but exile had not taught him wisdom, nor the fate of his father discretion. He madly attempted to be the lord and ruler of the people's conscience, as well as King of Britain. He was a libertine with some virtues—a bigot without religion. In the pride, or rather folly of his heart, he attempted to force Prelacy upon the people of Scotland; and he let his blood-hounds loose, to hunt the followers of the Covenant from hill to hill, to murder them on their own hearths, and, with the blood of his victims, to blot out the word *conscience* from the vocabulary of Scotchmen. The Covenanters sought their God in the desert and on the mountains which he had reared; they worshipped Him in the temples which his own hands had framed; and there the persecutor sought them, the destroyer found them, and the sword of the tyrant was bathed in the blood of the worshipper! Even the family altar was profaned; and, to raise the voice of prayer and praise in the cottage to the King of kings, was held to be as treason against him who professed to represent him on earth,

At this period, too, Graham of Claverhouse—whom some have painted as an angel, but whose actions were worthy of a fiend—at the head of his troopers, who were called by the profane “The Ruling Elders of the Kirk,” was carrying death and cold-blooded cruelty throughout the land.

Now it was on a winter night in the year 1677, a party of troopers were passing near the house of old John Brydone, and he was known to them not only as being one who was a defender of the Covenant, but also as one who harboured the preachers, and whose house was regarded as a conventicle.

“Let us rouse the old psalm-singing heretic who lives here from his knees,” said one of the troopers.

“Ay, let us stir him up,” said the sergeant who had command of the party; “he is an old offender, and I don’t see we can make a better night’s work than drag him along, bag and baggage, to the Captain. I have heard as how it was he that betrayed our commander’s kinsman, the gallant Montrose.”

“Hark!—hark!—softly! softly!” said another, “let us dismount—hear how the nasal drawl of the conventicle moans though the air! My horse pricks his ears at the sound already. We shall catch them in the act.”

Eight of the party dismounted, and, having given their horses in charge of four of their comrades, who remained behind, walked on tiptoe to the door of the cottage. They heard the words given and sung:

“When cruel men against us rose
To make of us their prey.”

“Why they are singing treason,” said one of the troopers. “What more do we need?”

The sergeant placed his forefinger on his lips, and for about ten minutes they continued to listen. The song of praise ceased, and a person commenced to read a chapter. They heard him also expound to his hearers as he read.

“It is enough,” said the sergeant; and, placing their shoulders against the door, it was burst open. “You are our prisoners!” exclaimed the troopers, each man grasping a sword in his right hand, and a pistol in the left.

"It is the will of Heaven!" said the Rev. Mr. Duncan; for it was him who had been reading and expounding the Scriptures; "but if ye stretch forth your hand against a hair o' our heads, He, without whom a sparrow cannot fall to the ground, shall remember it against ye at the great day o' reckoning, when the trooper shall be stripped of his armour, and his right hand shall be a witness against him!"

The soldiers burst into a laugh of derision. "No more of your homily, revered oracle," said the sergeant; "I have an excellent receipt for short sermons here; utter another word and you shall have it!" The troopers laughed again, and the sergeant, as he spoke, held his pistol in the face of the preacher.

Besides the clergyman there were in the room old John Brydone, his son Daniel, and Mary.

"Well, old greybeard," said the sergeant, addressing John, "you have been reported as a dangerous and disaffected Presbyterian knave, as we find you to be; you are also accused of being a harbourer and an accomplice of the preachers of sedition; and, lo! we have found also that your house is used as a conventicle. We have caught you in the act, and we shall take every soul of you as evidence against yourselves. So come along old boy—I should only be doing my duty by blowing your brains against the wall; but that is a ceremony which our commander may wish to see performed in his own presence!"

"Sir," said John, "I neither fear ye nor your armed men. Tak me to the bluidy Claverhouse, if ye will, and at the day o' judgment it shall be said—'Let the murderers o' John Brydone stand forth!'"

"Let us despatch them at once," said one of the troopers.

"Nay," said the sergeant; "bind them together, and drive them before us to the captain: I don't know but he may wish to do justice to them with his own hand."

"The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel," groaned Mr. Duncan.

Mary wrung her hands—"Oh, spare my father!" she cried.

"Wheest, Mary!" said the old man; "as soon wad a camel pass through the eyes o' a needle, as ye wad find compassion in the hands o' these men!"

"Bind the girl and the preacher together," said the sergeant.

"Nay, by your leave sergeant," interrupted one of the troopers, "I wouldn't be the man to lift a hand against a pretty girl like that, if you would give me a regiment for it."

"Ay, ay, Macdonald," replied the sergeant, "this comes of your serving under that canting fellow, Lieutenant Mowbray—he has no love for the service; and confound me if I don't believe he is half a Roundhead in his heart. Tie the hands of the girl, I command you."

"I will not," returned Macdonald; "and hang me if any one else shall." And with his sword in his hand he placed himself between Mary and his comrades.

"If you do not bind her hands, I shall cause others to bind yours," said the sergeant.

"They may try that who dare," returned the soldier, who was the most powerful man of the party; "but what I've said I'll stand to."

"You shall answer for this to-morrow," said the sergeant, sullenly, who feared to provoke a quarrel with the trooper.

"I will answer it," replied the other.

John Brydone, his son Daniel, and the Rev. Mr. Duncan were bound together with strong cords, and driven from the house. They were fastened, also, to the horses of the troopers; and, as they were dragged along, the cries and the lamentations of Mary followed them; and the troopers laughed at her wailing, or answered her cries with mockery, till the sound of her grief became inaudible in the distance, when again they imitated her cries, to harrow up the feelings of her father.

Claverhouse and a party of his troops, were then in the neighbourhood of Traquair; and before that man, who knew not what merey was, John Brydone, and his son, and the preacher, were brought. It was on the afternoon of the day following that on which they had been made prisoners, that Claverhouse ordered them to be brought forth. He was sitting with wine before him, in the midst of his officers; and amongst them was Lieutenant Mowbray, whose name was alluded to by the sergeant.

"Well, knaves," began Claverhouse, "ye have been singing, praying, preaching, and holding conventicles. Do ye know how Graham of Claverhouse rewards such rebels?"

As the prisoners entered, Lieutenant Mowbray turned away his head, and placed his hand upon his brow.

"Sir," said John, addressing Claverhouse, "I'm neither knave nor rebel—I hae lifted up my voice to the God o' my faithers, according to my conscience; and, unworthy as I am o' the least o' His benefits, for threescore years and ten He has been my shepherd and deliverer, and, if it be good in his sight, He will deliver me now. My trust is in Him, and I fear neither the frown nor the sword o' the persecutor."

"Have done, grey-headed babbler!" cried Claverhouse.

Lieutenant Mowbray, who still sat with his face from the prisoners, raised his handkerchief to his eyes.

"Captain," said Mr. Duncan, "there's a day coming when ye shall stand before the great Judge, as we now stand before you; and when the remembrance o' this day, and the blood o' the righteous which ye hae shed, shall be written with letters o' fire on yer ain conscience, and recorded against ye; and ye shall call upon the rocks and mountains to cover ye——"

"Silence!" exclaimed Claverhouse. "Away with them," he added, waving his hand to the troopers—"shoot them before sunrise."

Shortly after the prisoners had been conveyed from the presence of Claverhouse, Lieutenant Mowbray with-

drew; and having sent for the soldier who had interfered on behalf of Mary—"Macdonald," he began, "you were present yesterday when the prisoners, who are to die to-morrow, were taken. Where did you find them?"

"In the old man's house," replied the soldier; and he related all that he had seen, and how he had interfered to save the daughter. The heart of the officer was touched, and he walked across his room, as one whose spirit was troubled. "You did well, Macdonald," said he at length, "you did well." He was again silent, and again he added: "And you found the preacher in the old man's house—you found him there?" There was an anxious wildness in the tone of the lieutenant.

"We found him there," replied the soldier.

The officer was again silent—again he thoughtfully paced across the floor of his apartment. At length, turning to the soldier, he added: "I can trust you, Macdonald. When night has set in, take your horse and ride to the house of the elder prisoner, and tell his daughter—the maiden whom you saved—to have horses in readiness for her father, her brother, and—and her—her husband!" said the lieutenant, faltering as he spoke; and when he had pronounced the word "husband" he again paused, as though his heart was full. The soldier was retiring: "Stay," added the officer, "tell her, her father, her brother, and—the preacher shall not die; before daybreak she shall see them again; and give her this ring as a token that ye speak truly."

He took a ring from his finger, and gave it into the hands of the soldier.

It was drawing towards midnight. The troops of Claverhouse were quartered around the country, and his three prisoners, still bound to each other, were confined in a small farm-house, from which the inhabitants had been expelled. They could hear the heavy and measured tread of the sentinel pacing backward and forward in front of the house; the sound of his footsteps seemed to measure out the moments between them and eternity. After they had sung a psalm and prayed

together—"I am auld," said John Brydone, "and I fear not to die, but rather glory to lay down my life for the great cause—but, oh, Daniel! my heart yearns that yer bluid also should be shed—had they only spared ye, to hae been a protector to oor puir Mary!—or had I no driven Philip from the house——"

"Mention not the name of the cast-away," said the minister.

"Dinna mourn, faither," answered Daniel, "an arm mair powerful than that of man will be her supporter and protector."

"Amen," responded Mr. Duncan. "She has aye been cauld to me, and has turned the ear o' the deaf adder to the voice o' my affection; but even noo, when my thochts should be elsewhere, the thocht o' her burns in my heart like a coal o' my fire."

While they yet spoke a soldier wrapt up in a cloak approached the sentinel, and said:

"It is a cold night brother."

"Piercing," replied the other, striking his feet upon the ground.

"You are welcome to a mouthful of my spirit-warmer," added the first, taking a bottle from beneath his cloak.

"Thank ye," rejoined the sentinel: "but I don't know your voice. You don't belong to our corps, I think."

"No," answered the other; "but it matters not for that—brother soldiers should give and take."

The sentinel took the bottle and raised it to his lips; he drank and swore the liquor was excellent.

"Drink again," said the other; "you are welcome; it is as good as a double cloak around you." And the sentinel drank again.

"Good night comrade," said the trooper. "Good night," replied the sentinel; and the stranger passed on.

Within half an hour the same soldier, still muffled up in his cloak, returned.

The sentinel had fallen against the door of the house, and was fast asleep. The stranger proceeded to the window—he raised it—he entered. "Fear nothing,"

he whispered to the prisoners, who were bound to staples that had been driven into the opposite wall of the room. He cut the cords with which their hands and their feet were fastened.

"Heaven reward ye for the mercy o' yer heart, and the courage o' this deed," said John.

"Say nothing," whispered their deliverer, "but follow me."

Each man crept from the widow, and the stranger again closed it behind them. "Follow me and speak not," whispered he again; and, walking at his utmost speed, he conducted them for several miles across the hills; but still he spoke not. Old John marvelled at the manner of their deliverer; and he marvelled yet more when he led them to Philiphaugh, and to the very spot where, more than thirty years before, he had found the child on the bosom of its dead mother; and there the stranger stood still, and turning round to those he had delivered: "Here we part," said he; "hasten to your own house, but tarry not. You will find horses in readiness, and flee into Westmoreland; inquire there for the person to whom this letter is addressed; he will protect you." And he put a sealed letter into the hands of the old man, and at the same time he placed a purse in the hands of Daniel saying, "This will bear your expenses by the way—farewell! farewell!" They would have detained him, but he burst away, again exclaiming, as he ran, "Farewell!"

"This is a marvellous deliverance," said John; "it is a mystery, an' for him to leave us on this spot—on this very spot—where puir Philip——" And here the heart of the old man failed him.

We need not describe the rage of Claverhouse when he found, on the following day, that the prisoners had escaped; and how he examined and threatened the sentinels with death, and cast suspicious glances upon Lieutenant Mowbray; but he feared to accuse him, or quarrel with him openly.

As John, with the preacher and his son, approached the house, Mary heard their footsteps, and rushed out

to meet them, and fell weeping upon her father's neck. "My bairn!" cried the old man, "we are restored to ye as from the dead! Providence has dealt wi' us in mercy an' in mystery."

His four farm horses were in readiness for their flight; and Mary told him how the same soldier who had saved her from sharing their fate had come to their house at midnight, and assured her that they should not die, and to prepare for their flight. "And," added she, "in token that he who had sent him would keep his promise towards you, he gave me this ring, requesting me to wear it for your deliverer's sake."

"It is Philip's ring!" cried the old man, striking his hand before his eyes, "it is Philip's ring!"

"My Philip's!" exclaimed Mary; "oh, then, he lives! he lives!"

The preacher leaned his brow against the walls of the cottage and groaned.

"It is still a mystery," said the old man, yet pressing his hand before his eyes in agony; "but it is—it maun be him. It was Philip that saved us—that conducted us to the very spot where I found him. But, oh," he added, "I wud rather I had died than lived to ken that he has drawn his sword in the ranks o' the oppressor, and to murder the followers after the truth."

"Oh, dinna think that o' him, father!" exclaimed Mary; "Philip wudna—he couldna draw his sword but to defend the helpness."

Knowing that they had been pursued and sought after, they hastened to the refuge to which their deliverer had directed them. But as they drew near to the Borders, the Rev. Mr. Duncan suddenly exclaimed, "Now, here we must part—part for ever! It is not meet that I should follow ye farther. When the sheep are pursued by wolves, the shepherd should not flee from them. Farewell, dear friends—and, oh! farewell to you, Mary. Had it been sinful to hae loved you, I would hae been a guilty man this day—for, oh! beyond a' that is under the sun, ye hae been dear to my heart, and your remembrance has mingled wi' my very devo-

tions. But I maun root it up, though, in so doing, I tear my very heart strings. Fareweel! fareweel! Peace be wi' you; and may ye a' be happier than will ever be the earthly lot o' Andrew Duncan!"

The tears fell upon Mary's cheeks; for though she could not love she respected the preacher, and she esteemed him for his worth. Her father and brother entreated him to accompany them. "No, no!" he answered: "I see how this flight will end. Go—there is happiness in store for you; but my portion is with the dispersed and the persecuted." And he turned and left them.

Lieutenant Mowbray was disgusted with the cold-blooded butchery of the service in which he was engaged; and a few days after the escape of John Brydone and his son, he threw up his commission and proceeded to Dumfriesshire. It was a Sabbath evening, and near night fall; and he wandered into the fields alone, for his spirit was heavy. Sounds of rude laughter broke upon his ear; and, mingled with the sound of laughter, was a voice as if in earnest prayer. He hurried to a small wood from whence the sounds proceeded, and there he beheld four troopers, with there pistols in their hands, and before them was a man who appeared to be a preacher, bound to a tree.

"Come, old Psalmody," cried one of the troopers, raising his pistol, and addressing their intended victim, who was engaged in prayer; "make ready—we have other jobs on hand—and we gave you time to speak a prayer, but not to preach."

Mowbray rushed forward. He sprang between the troopers and their victim. "Hold, ye murders, hold!" he exclaimed. "Is it thus that ye disgrace the name of soldiers by washing your hands in the blood of the innocent?"

They knew Mowbray, and they muttered, "You are no officer of ours now; he is our prisoner, and our orders are to shoot every conventical knave who falls into our hands."

"Shame on him who would give such orders," said Mowbray; "and shame on those who would execute them. There," he added, "there is money; I will ransom him."

With an imprecation they took the money that was offered them, and left their prisoner to Mowbray. He approached the tree where they had bound him—he started back—it was the Rev. Andrew Duncan.

"Rash man!" exclaimed Mowbray as he again stepped forward to unloose the cords that bound him. "Why have ye again cast yourself into the hands of the men who seek your blood? Do ye hold your life so cheap, that in one week ye would risk to sell it twice? Why did not ye, with your father, your brother and your wife, flee into England, where protection was promised?"

"My father!—my brother!—my wife!—mine—mine!" repeated the preacher wildly. "There are no such names for my tongue to utter—none—none to drop their love as morning dew upon the solitary soul o' Andrew Duncan."

"Are they murdered?" exclaimed Mowbray, suddenly, in a voice of agony.

"Murdered!" said the preacher with increased bewilderment. "What do ye mean?—or wha do ye mean?"

"Tell me," cried Mowbray, eagerly, "are not you the husband of Mary Brydone?"

"Me—me!" cried the preacher. "No, no!—I loved her as the laverock loves the blue lift in spring, and her shadow cam between me and my ain soul; but she wouldna hearken unto my voice; she is nae wife o' mine."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Mowbray; and he clasped his hands together.

It is necessary, however, that we now accompany John Brydone and his family in their flight into Westmoreland. The letter which their deliverer had put their hands was addressed to a Sir Frederic Mowbray; and when they arrived at the house of the old knight,

the heart of the aged Covenanter almost failed him for a moment; for it was a proud-looking mansion, and those whom he saw around wore the dress of the Cavaliers.

"Who are ye?" inquired the servant who admitted them to the house.

"Deliver this letter into the hands of your master," said the Covenanter; "our business is with him."

"It is the handwriting of Master Edward," said the servant, as he took the letter into his hand; and having conducted them to a room, he delivered it to Sir Frederic.

In a few minutes the old knight hurried into the room where the Covenanter and his son and his daughter stood. "Welcome, thrice welcome," he cried, grasping the hand of the old man; "here you shall find a resting-place and a home, with no one to make you afraid."

He ordered wine and food to be placed before them, and he sat down with them.

Now John marvelled at the kindness of his host, and his heart burned within him—and, in the midst of all, he thought of the long lost Philip, and how he had driven him from his house—and his cheek glowed and heart throbbed with anxiety. His son marvelled also, and Mary's bosom swelled with strange thoughts—tears gathered in her eyes, and she raised the ring that had been the token of her father's deliverance to her lips.

"Oh, sir," said the Covenanter, "pardon the freedom o' a plain blunt man, and o' ane whose bosom is burning with anxiety;—but there is a mystery, there is something attending my deliverance, and the letter, and your kindness, that I cannot see through—and I hope but I fear—and I canna—I daurna comprehend how it is—but, as it were, the past—the lang bygane past, and the present, appear to hae met thegither. It is makin' my head dizzy wi' wonder, for their seems in a' this a something that concerns you, and that concerns me, and *one* that I mayna name."

"Your perplexity," said Sir Frederic, "may be best relieved by stating to you, in a few words, one or two circumstances of my history. Having, from family afflictions, left this country, untill within these four years I held a commission in the army of the Prince of Orange. I was present at the battle of Seneff; it was my last engagement; and in the regiment which I commanded there was a young Scottish volunteer, to whose bravery, during the battle, I owed my life. In admiration and gratitude for his conduct, I sent to him after the victory, to present him to the prince. He came. I questioned him respecting his birth and his family. He was silent—he burst into tears. I urged him to speak. He said of his real name he knew nothing—of his family he knew nothing—all that he knew was that he had been the adopted son of a good and a Christian man, who had found him on Philiphaugh, an the lifeless bosom of his mother."

"Merciful heaven! my *puir* injured Philip!" exclaimed the aged Covenanter, wringing his hands.

"My brother!" cried Daniel, eagerly. Mary wept.

"Oh, sir," continued Sir Frederic, "words cannot paint my feelings as he spoke. I had been at the battle of Philiphaugh, and not deeming that a conflict was at hand, my beloved wife, with our infant boy, my little Edward, had joined me but the day before. At the first noise of Lesly's onset I rushed from our tent—I left my beloved ones there—our army was stricken with confusion—I never beheld them again. I grasped the hand of the youth I gazed in his face as though my soul would have leaped from my eyelids. 'Do not deceive me!' I cried; and he drew from his bosom the ring and the bracelets of my Elizabeth."

Here the old knight paused and wept, and the tears ran down the cheeks of John Brydone, and the cheeks of his children.

They had not been many days in Westmoreland, and they were seated around the hospitable hearth of the good knight in peace, when two horsemen arrived at the door.

"It is our friend, Mr. Duncan, and a stranger," said the Covenanter, as he beheld them from the window.

"They are welcome—for your sake, they are welcome," said Sir Frederic; and while he yet spoke, the strangers entered. "My son, my son!" he continued, and hurried forward to meet him.

"Say also your daughter," said Edward Mowbray, as he approached towards Mary, and pressed her to his breast.

"Philip!—my own Philip!" exclaimed Mary and speech failed her.

"My brother!" cried Daniel.

"He was dead and is alive again—he was lost and is found," exclaimed John. "O Philip, man! do ye forgive me?"

The adopted son pressed the hand of his foster-father.

"Yes, he forgives you!" exclaimed Mr. Duncan; "and he has forgiven me. When we were in prison and in bonds waiting for death he risked his life to deliver us, and he did deliver us; and a second time he has rescued me from the sword of the destroyer, and from the power of the men who thirsted for my blood. He is no enemy o' the Covenant—he is the defender o' the persecuted; and the blessing o' Andrew Duncan is all he can bequeath for a life twice saved, upon his deliverer, and Mary Brydone."

Need we say that Mary bestowed her hand upon Edward Mowbray; but in the fondness of her heart she still called him "her Philip."



BILL STANLEY.

A SAILOR'S STORY.

Reader, if thou hast never visited the Fern Isles, but intendest to visit them, thou has a pleasure in reserve—a positive, downright, profitable pleasure—profitable as regards the health of the body, for a trip upon the sea makes the blood feel ten years younger, and dance in the veins as merrily as the waves around us; and profitable also to the mind, by filling it with fresh objects for wonder and contemplation; and it is a fact very generally overlooked, that the poor jaded mind stands as much in need of new objects to work upon as its plebeian neighbour, the body, stands in need of rest or change of diet. It is a matter of small consequence what sort of company you have on board—in a word what materials your fellow-voyagers are made of. If they be all your exceedingly good natured sort of people—people bowed down with politeness and a desire to please—you won't be half an hour at sea till you find them dead as uncorked small beer that has stood an hour in the sun, or insipid as milk and water. I had as lief dine upon dried veal as be mewed up a day with such society. If you wish to relish the company, and and to see character developed, be careful to have it sprinkled with the salt, the pepper, and the mustard of human dispositions; as for the vinegar, even a drop of that would be too much. Sickness might improve your health for the future, but would impair your pleasure for the present; and, in truth, sea-sickness appears to be as pale, ghostly, and uncomfortable a companion as a man may meet withal. But if the day be fine, and

the breeze moderate, there is but little chance of your being sick. At any rate, you will find about half a pound of well boiled ham, just as the vessel kisses the salt water, an excellent preventive, and half the pleasure of a sea trip lies in the relish, the salt, which it gives to the homeliest morsel.

When the Ferns were first seen, what appeared but two, or at most three islands, are now found to be a cluster of sixteen or twenty—the ocean homes of ten thousand times ten thousand sea fowls; which now may be seen rising in myriads, blackening the air and covering the surface of the islands, as if a thunder-cloud hung over them—anon their snowy wings flash in the sunbeams, countless specks of light begem the seeming cloud, and, flickering for a moment, assume the appearance of a magnificent rainbow instinct with motion—and, again, as if turning from the flashing of their own beautiful plumage, settle like darkness on the rocks. To appreciate the striking effect of these islands it is necessary to sail round them as well as to land upon them. Each appears to be surrounded by a pier or bulwark of nature's masonry. What is termed the Pinnacle Island is the most effective. We have been informed that it bears a strong resemblance to St. Helena—the grave of Europe's conqueror. The pinnacles are a mass of perpendicular rocks, representing towers, battlements and fortifications, apparently as perfect to the eye as if formed by the hands of man, but that their terrible strength seems to frown in mockery on his puny efforts. They, alone, are worth visiting again and again. They make man feel his own insignificance, and the power of the Omnipotent voice that called into existence the mighty ocean and the wonders of its bosom. Burns, on visiting a place in the Highlands, said it was "enough to make a blockhead a poet;" and we say that the man who could visit the Fern Isles without feeling the influence of poetry within him has a head as stupid as the sea-fowl that inhabit them, and an imagination as impenetrable as the rocks that compose the pinnacles.

About three years ago, a mixed party left Newcastle in a steamer on a pleasure excursion to the islands. Amongst the company, there was a man of weather-beaten but happy and intelligent countenance, whose general appearance and manners indicated that he was an old seaman, and perhaps had been a purser or sailing-master in the navy, or the commander of a merchantman, who had made enough to enable him to cast anchor ashore, in peace, quiet, and plenty, for the remainder of his days. His shrewdness, his knowledge, and his humour soon rendered him a favorite with the company.

On arriving at the islands the party went on shore; and dividing themselves into groups, sat down, and spread out their provisions on the rocks; about a dozen prevailed upon the old sailor to accompany them, and to be their messmates. After dinner they began to sing, and the old tar was called upon for a song.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I never could raise a single stave in my life; but, if it's all one to you, I will spin you a sailor's yarn."

"Agreed," cried they, "all, all."

"Well," began the old seaman, "it was a year or two before the short peace of Amiens, that two seamen were sitting in a public-house in North Shields, which I shall please to speak of as the sign of the Old Ship; and its landlord I shall call Mr. Danvers. The name of the one sailor was William Stanley, the other Jack Jenkins. Jack was but a plain fellow, though no lubber; Bill was a glorious young fellow—the admiration of everybody; though only the son of a poor laundress, who wrought hard to bring him up, while a boy he had contrived to get knowledge and book-learning enough to have been made commodore of a college. I may here tell you, too, that old Danvers had a daughter called Mary—one of the best and prettiest girls on all Tyne-side. She was Bill's consort on all occasions; and they were true to each other as a needle is to the pole. Jack and he were friends and shipmates; and being sitting together:

‘I say, Bill,’ said his comrade, “as we are to sail upon a long voyage to-morrow, what say you to a run up to Newcastle to the theatre to-night? You shall take Polly Danvers and I shall take my old woman.’ For Jack was married.

‘It is of no use thinking of it,’ answered he; ‘I am brought up here as though it were my last mooring.’”

‘Whew! whew!’ whistled the other, ‘with pretty Polly for a chain cable. But I don’t ask you to part company with each other. So let us make ready and start.’”

‘No,’ added Stanley, ‘the best play and the best actors in the world would be to me to-night like a land-lubber sitting smiling and piping upon a flute on the sand-banks, while I was being dashed to pieces by the breakers under his feet.’

‘What are you drifting at, Bill?’ said Jenkins; ‘your upper works seem to have hoisted a moon-raker.’

‘I am unhappy, Jack,’ said he, earnestly, ‘and the cause presses like lead upon my heart. It throbs like fire within my forehead. For more than twenty years I have been tossed about as a helmless vessel, without compass or reckoning. It is hard, Jack, that I can’t mention my mother’s name, but the blush upon my cheek must dry up the tear that falls for her memory. Three months ago, as you know, I came home, with the earnings of a two years’ voyage in my pocket, and I found—O shipmate, when I expected to have flung my savings into my mother’s lap, I found her dying in a miserable garret, with scarce a blanket to cover her. She had been long ill; and the rich old rascal called Wates (who came to this part of the country some years ago) seized all but the straw on which she lay for his rent. I thought my heart had burst as I flung myself upon the ground by her side. A mist came over my eyes. I neither knew what I saw nor heard. I felt her cold arms clinging round my neck. She spoke—she told me my father’s name. Comrade, it was the first time I had heard it. The word father pierced my heart like a dagger, and, in agony, I knew not what to

said. I started, I entreated her to repeat it again. But my mother was silent—she was dead—the arms of a corpse were fastened round my neck. With the breath which uttered the name she had not spoken for more than twenty years, her spirit fled—and I—I cannot remember it.'

'Vast there, Bill,' cried Jack, wiping a tear from his eyes; 'that is tragedy enough without going to the play for it. But, for the sake of Mary Danvers, the prettiest girl on Tyneside (not even excepting my old woman), cheer up, my lad.'

'If that should cheer me,' said he, 'I believe it is the principal cause why I am so sad to-day.'

'Why then,' said Jack, 'don't you take an example by me, and run your frigate to Church at once? You will find a plain gold ring is a precious fast anchor.'

'But what,' replied Stanley 'if the old commodore, her father, won't allow me to take her in tow?'

'He won't,' cried Jenkins—'that's a good 'un! Old dad Danvers won't allow you to splice with her? What's his reason? I'm sure he can't say but you are as sober as the chief judge of the Admiralty.'

'To-night,' replied Stanley in a tone of agitation, 'he found her in my company, and called, or rather dragged her away; and, as they went, I heard him upbraid her bitterly, and ask if the meanness of her spirit would permit her to throw herself away upon—upon'—William became more agitated, the words he had to utter seemed to stick in his throat; and his friend Jenkins exclaimed: 'Upon a better man than ever he was in his life. But what did he say, Bill—upon what was she going to throw herself away?'

'Upon a beggars' nameless bastard! he said,' groaned poor Stanley, striking his hand upon his brow.

'What d'ye say?' cried Jenkins, clenching his fist; 'had the old fellow's ribs not been removed off the first letter, this hand had shivered them. Flesh and blood, Stanley, how did ye endure it?'

'I started to my feet,' said he; 'my teeth grated together; but I heard her gentle voice reproving him

for the word, and it fell upon my heart like the moon upon the sea, Jack, after a storm. My hand fell by my side. He is her father, thought I; and for the first time in his life, Will Stanley brooked an affront.'

Just as he was speaking, a gentle tap came to the door. 'Good night Jack,' added he; 'I understand the signal; the old cruiser is off the coast and now for the smuggling trade.'

I may tell you that the reason old Danvers was so averse to his daughter keeping company with Bill Stanley was, that there was a hypocritical middle aged villian, called Squire Wates—(the same that Bill spoke of as having sold off his mother, and left her to die upon straw)—I hate the very name of the old rascal. Well, you see this same Squire Wates that I am telling you of came from abroad somewhere, and bought a vast deal of property about Shields. He was said to be as rich as an Exchange Jew—and perhaps he was. He had cast an eye upon Mary Danvers, and the grey-haired rascal sought, through the agency of his paltry yellow dross, to accomplish the destruction of the innocent and beautiful creature; and thinking that Will Stanley was an obstacle to the accomplishment of his purpose, he determined to have him removed. He also persuaded old Danvers that he wished to make his daughter his wife. Conscience!—after half drowning such a hoary-headed knave, I would have hung him up at the yard arm, without judge or jury, and buried him in a dunghill without benefit of clergy. He employed a fellow of the name of Villars as a confederate in his base intentions—one who had been twice a bankrupt, without being able to show a loss that he had sustained, or pay a shilling to his creditors. This creature he professed to set up in business,—in something connected with the West India trade—and he prevailed on landlord Danvers to embark in the speculation, and to risk all that he had saved in the Old Ship for five-and twenty years. So that the firm—if such a disgraceful transaction might be called by that appellation—went by the designation of Villars & Danvers. The

firm, however, was altogether an invention of Wates, to promote his designs. There was another whom they engaged in their scheme—a fellow who was a disgrace to the sea—the very spawn of salt water—a boatswain Rigby; and the frigate to which he belonged was cruising upon the coast for the protection of the coasters. But you will hear more about these worthies by-and-by.

It was within a few hours of the time, when, as I told you before, Bill Stanley and Jack Jenkins were to sail upon a twelvemonth's voyage. The vessel to which they belonged was lying out in the harbour below Tynemouth Castle, and sweethearts and wives were accompanying the crew to the beach, where a boat was waiting to take them aboard.

Mary had ventured to accompany William part of the way towards the beach, to bid him adieu; and when through fear of her father finding them together, she would have returned, he held her hand more firmly within his, and said, 'Fear nothing, love; it is the last time we shall see each other for twelve months. Come down as far as the boat; and not let it be said, when it pulls off, that Bill Stanley was the only soul in the ship's crew that had not a living creature on the shore to wave good-bye to—or one to drop a tear for his departure, more than if he were a dog. If I be alone and an outcast in the world, do not let me feel it now.'

'Willingly,' she replied, 'would I follow you, not only there, but to the ends of the earth. But my father will be on the beach watching the boat; or if he be not, the spies of another will be there, and my accompanying you would only make my persecution the greater during your absence.'

'What!' exclaimed he, 'have I then a rival for your affections, one that I know not of, and whose addresses are backed by your father's influence? Who is he?—or what is his name? Tell me, Mary—I conjure you, by your plighted faith.'

'Give not the name of a rival,' said she, 'to a hypocritical wretch whose heart I would not tread beneath my heel for fear of pollution! A rival!—William, I

would not insult the meanest reptile that feeds upon garbage by placing it in competition with a hypocrite so base and mean. A rival!—rather would I breathe the vapours of a ploughed charnel-house for ever than be blasted with his breath for a single hour! No—my heart is yours—it is wholly yours—fear not.'

'Mary,' said he, solemnly, 'if I am worthy of your love, I am not unworthy of your confidence. You would not, you could not, bestow such language on the most worthless, where personal indignity had not been offered, or intended you. Name him, I adjure—nay, command you,' he added wildly; 'it will yet be three hours till the vessel sail, and in that period I will avenge the indignity that has been offered you.'

'Speak not of such a thing,' said she; 'whatever be his designs, against such a persecutor she is a weak woman who cannot defend herself. Would you raise your hand against a worm, or draw a sword against a venomous fly? Come, think not of it—look not so; would a vessel of the line throw a broadside at a paltry cock-boat? Punish him—no, despise him!'

'It may be so,' he rejoined; 'but my heart is to yours as the eyelid is to the eye-ball, and even a moth between them causes agony. Name him, that I may judge of his power to do evil, or the vessel which is this day to sail—sails without me.'

'Then, that your contempt may equal mine,' added she, 'think of the creature Wates. He whose name stands first on the list of published charities—and who sends the news-man abroad to trumpet his piety, while villiany lurks in his grey hairs.'

'What!' he exclaimed wildly, 'Wates, the murderer of my mother!—who sent his minions to sell the very bed from beneath her, and left her to perish on the ground. Justice! where sleeps thy thunderbolts! Mary we shall return, I go not to sea to-day!'

'William,' said she affectionately, 'do you then fear to trust me? Did he carry honours in his right hand, and in his left the wealth of the world, and lay them

both at my feet—I feel that within me that would spurn them from me as I would an insect that crawled upon me to sting me. To you would I give my hand and beg for a subsistence, rather than share with him the throne of an empire. What then do you fear? In your own words, if I am unworthy of your confidence, I am unworthy of your love?”

‘No, Mary,’ he cried, ‘it is not fear. Wrong not yourself, neither wrong my bosom, that is full to bursting, by harbouring such a thought. When darkness issues from the sunbeams, I will doubt your affection; when a whirlwind sweeps across the sea, and the billows rise not at its voice, I will fear your truth—not till then. But I know that to associate the name of the most virtuous woman with that of a villain, is to make the world suspect her. Ah, Mary, in the innocence of your heart you suspect not the iniquity of which some are capable. Let the name of libertine be attached to the character of a man, and especially of a rich man, till his crimes are heaped up like a world of sin upon the shoulders of their contemptible author, and the next sun that rises, in the eyes of the world, melts away their enormity, if not their remembrance; but if the mere shadow of such a villain’s breath pass over the character of a woman, its stain will remain fixed and immovable, growing in blackness and gathering misery, until life and memory have made their last port. I will not speak of revenge, to distress you—but I shall not undertake this voyage. I will remain on shore, not to guard your innocence, but to protect your name from slander.’

‘William,’ she answered, ‘ignorant of the world I may be; but I know that your remaining on shore would only give rise to the calumnies which you would wish to prevent. You would make yourself an object for the laughter and remarks of your shipmates; and would disoblige your owners, who, after this voyage, have promised you the command of a vessel. And for what would you do this, but through fear of a wretch on whom I could not waste a single thought, and on whom I regret that I have thrown away a single word.’

At that moment Jack Jenkins, with his wife Betty, weeping like a mermaid, under his arm, hove in sight, and the moment he beheld his comrade he called out, 'Hullo, Bill, how did you and Polly manage to pass the old commodore of "the ship;" I saw him keeping a look-out abaft there.' But his wife sobbed while he was speaking, and as he approached his shipmates, he continued: 'Tack aback in time, Bill, and don't marry—I ask your pardon, Polly, and yours, too, Betty, my love,' kissing his wife's cheek; 'I don't exactly mean not to marry either—but this parting company breaks up one's heart, like an old fir-built craft that is not fit for firewood. I wish the lubber's back had a round dozen that invented the word "good-bye." It always sticks in my throat, like pushing a piece of old junk down it.'

While he was speaking, a king's cutter shot round a point of land, with a pack of lobsters abaft; and the black fellow, Boatswain Rigby, sat in her bow. She was within twenty yards from where they stood.

'Fly, William!—fly!' said Mary, wildly; 'it is you that they seek—my heart tells me it is you—oh, fly!'

'Be not afraid, dearest,' said Stanley; 'I do not think they mean harm to us, and if they did flight is impossible.'

'Oh, run, run,' cried Betty Jenkins; 'see—the marines are handling their muskets.'

'Run, why its of no use runing,' said her husband; 'the lobsters would oring a fellow up with their pepper-boxes before he could run a quarter of a cable's length.'

The boat took the ground, and Rigby, with a party of sailors and marines, sprang on shore.

'Well, my hearties,' said the boatswain, 'will either of you volunteer to serve his Majesty?'

'Why, sir——' Jack Jenkins was replying, when his wife placed her hand upon her mouth saying, 'Are you a fool, Jack?'

‘What!’ said the boatswain, ‘no volunteers! Well, we want but one of you. This is our man,’ and he touched Stanley on the shoulder with his cutlass.

‘Oh!’ cried Mary, addressing the boatswain, as she fell upon William’s neck; ‘spare him! spare him! and with my last coin I will endeavour to procure a substitute in his stead.’

‘It won’t do, my pretty maiden,” said Rigby; ‘in these times we can’t lose so promising a prize for a woman’s tears. Marines, to the boat with him.’

‘Hold! servile slaves,’ cried Stanley as they attempted to drag him away; ‘allow me to bid adieu to my Mary, and to my friends here, or I defy the worst you can do.’

‘Quick then,’ said Rigby, ‘the service cannot wait for farewells.’

Mary still clung to William’s arm. ‘Good-bye, Jack,’ said he, with the salt water rolling in his eyes, and his heart ready to burst, ‘and when you return from the voyage, see that you keep the land-sharks of my poor Mary, for the sake of your old messmate.’

‘Belay, Bill,’ cried Jenkins; ‘my heart’s afloat. Heaven bless you, lad, and be at ease respecting Polly. Should any lubber pull alongside, my name’s not Jenkins if I don’t force him to strike his colours, and shove off with broken timbers. Good-bye, Bill—give me your hand; and, though they were my last words, I say—I’m blowed if ever I shook the hand of a better fellow.’

‘Mary,’ sobbed he, pressing her to his heart; ‘farewell, love—we shall meet again—you won’t forget Bill Stanley.’

‘Stay! oh, stay!’ she exclaimed. But the boatswain waved his hand impatiently, and his crew rudely tearing them asunder, William Stanley was dragged to the boat, and borne on board the frigate.

Well, twelve months passed, after the impressment of William Stanley, and Squire Wates found that his wealth offered no temptation to Mary Danvers, to enable him to effect her ruin. He, however, had inveigled her father into his meshes and through the pretended failure of the mercantile speculation in which

Villars and old Danvers had been engaged, the former brought a claim of five hundred pounds against the latter, who had lost his all. And the plan of the villains was that Villars should cast the old man into prison, and that Wates should come forward, and professing to pay the debt, set the father at liberty, and obtain through the daughter's gratitude, what her virtue spurned. To ensure success to this master-stroke of their wickedness it was to be attended by a mock marriage, in which Boatswain Rigby (the frigate to which he belonged being again lying off Tynemouth), was, for a consideration, to officiate as chaplain.

It was on the very day that this piece of iniquity was hatched that Jack Jenkins, having returned—and having learned from his wife, and from Mary Danvers, of some of the attempts that had been made by Squire Wates, during his absence, and since the impressment of his comrade—hurried to the house of the old rascal, with a rope's end in his hand. He found the street door open, and, without knocking, he went to the foot of the stairs, and demanded to see Squire Wates.

'You can't see him, fellow,' said a portly, pampered man-servant.

'Can't see him,' roared Jack; 'he shall see me presently, and feel me too. So come along, Mr. Powdered-pate; show me where he is, or I'll capsize you head and heels.'

The old villain himself, hearing the uproar came blustering out of a room, crying, 'Who are you fellow? and how dare you, in such a manner, break into my house? What is your business with me?'

'Vast there with your questions, old leprous-livered knave,' vociferated Jenkins. 'As to who I am, I am a better fellow than ever stood in your shoes; and as to daring to break into your house, before I leave it I shall dare to break your head. And as to my business with you, I intend to make you sensible of that too,' and as he uttered the word "sensible," he shook the piece of rope in his hand, and continued, 'Now, I have answered your questions, answer one to me. Do you remember a lad of the name of Bill Stanley—eh?'

The squire shook with terror; but endeavouring to assume an air of authority, stammered out, 'No—no—fellow; I—I know no such person. Begone, sir. Be—begone, I say.'

'Smash me if I do,' added Jenkins. 'And belike you don't know Polly Danvers, either? Well, perhaps this piece of old junk may sharpen your memory.'

Wates called upon his servants for assistance.

'Hands off, you beggarly swabs, or kiss the boat-swain's sister,' continued the sailor, laying lustily around him, and causing the domestics to shrink back. 'Vast there!' he continued, laying hold of the squire, who attempted to escape; 'not so fast—I ain't quite done with you yet. Now, you see, I'm an old friend and shipmate of Bill Stanley's; and the day that he was pressed, and you were the cause of it, Bill says to me; 'Jack,' says he, 'when I am away see that no land-shark come alongside my Polly.' 'Fear nothing, Bill,' says I, 'hang me if I don't—there's my hand on't.' Now, I've been at sea ever since, untill the other day, and my old woman tells me that you, you cream-faced scoundrel, not only had the impudence to pull alongside Polly Danvers, but had the audacity to propose—shiver me if I can name it—but take that.'

And so saying he began to lay the rope fiercely round the shoulders of his victim; and as the servants again closed upon the sailor to rescue their master he dashed them to the ground, to the right and to the left, and finally rushed out of the house, crying, 'Who shall say that Jack is the lad that would break his promise?'

I told you it was a part of the plot of Wates that his confederate, Villars, was to cast old Danvers into prison on account of the pretended debt. The old landlord was sitting in the parlour of the 'Old Ship,' trembling at the horrors of a jail, and fearing every moment the entrance of a sheriff's officer to arrest him, while his wife and daughter endeavoured to comfort him, and he said mournfully: 'Wife, after being married thirty years as we have been, I did not expect that we should

have been parted in this way. I did not think that, after toiling in the 'Old Ship' here for twenty years, to save a matter of money for our daughter, that I should lose all, and my hair grow white in a prison. But it is of no use mourning about it; for I question if those for whom we wished the money would have thanked us. I know I would not have seen a father or mother of mine dragged to jail like a common thief, if I by any means could have prevented it.' And as he spoke, he cast a look of sorrow and upbraiding upon Mary, who wept on her mother's shoulder.

'Don't be cruel, husband,' said his wife, 'how can you distress our daughter? I am sure she can't help the state we are reduced to, any more than I can. But I always said what all your jobbing and trafficking in company with the bankrupt Villars would end in. I know thou'rt suffering enough, and we are all suffering; but don't be reflecting upon our dear Mary, for a better child never parents had.'

'I ain't making reflections,' replied he, peevishly; 'only I'm saying I would not have stood so by my father. It is no reflection to say that Mary might have been a lady, and then I am sure I should not have been dragged from this parlour—where I have sat for twenty years—to a dungeon in a jail.'

'Father!' said Mary, 'what would you have me do? Would you have me become an object for the virtuous to shun, for your enemies to triumph over and dispise, and for the abandoned to insult? Would you have me to sell my purity, my peace of mind, my present and eternal happiness, to a miscreant who carries sanctity on his brow, and morality between his teeth, while his heart is a putrid sepulchre? Would you have me do this to save you from prison?—and to which you have been brought by your own simplicity. To assist you I would brush the dust from the shoes of strangers, in this house where I was born. But while the tear blanches my cheeks for your misfortunes, cause them not to burn with shame.'

‘Why, daughter,’ replied he angrily, ‘I don’t understand thy high words at all. But though I don’t know so much of my dictionary as thou dost, I know these books you have read have turned thy head with foolish and high notions. I know you won’t have Mr. Wates, because he is thought oldish, and belike doesn’t make love like one of the romance sparks you read about. But, I say, I’m neither blind nor deaf, and, for all you have said, I know as how it is marriage and nought else that Mr. Wates intends. But, rich as he is, you won’t have him, but will see your poor old father dragged through the streets, like a thief to a prison. O Mary! it is a sore thing to have an ungrateful child!’

‘O husband!—husband!’ said Mrs. Danvers; ‘they were thy high notions, and none of our dear daughter’s that has brought us to this. But it is not my part to add to thy sorrow when thou art about to be torn from my side. Alack, I never thought to be made a widow in this sort.’

‘Wife!—wife!’ cried he, impatiently; ‘be it my blame, or whose blame it may, we can’t make a better of it now; but it is very hard to have lost the earnings of twenty years, and to be parted from wife and child. Don’t be angry with me, daughter. Your father meant all he has said or done for your good. Come, give your old father a kiss and forgive him. It may be the last he will ever receive from you in his own house.’

She threw her arms around his neck and wept; and while the father and daughter embraced each other a sheriff’s officer entered the house.

‘Well-a-day!—well-a-day!’ cried Mrs. Danvers as she perceived him; ‘thy errand, and the disgrace of it, will break my heart.’

‘Don’t be distressed, good woman,’ said the officer, ‘it is no such disgrace but that many of the best in the country must submit to it every day. Mr. Danvers,’ added he, ‘I am sorry to inform you that you must walk with me. This paper will inform you, you are my prisoner.’

'It is very had,' said the old man; 'I say, sir, it is very hard to be called a prisoner in a free county, for doing nothing at all. Heaven knows about this here debt that is brought against me, for I don't. But I know that locking me up in jail won't pay it.'

'O, cruel law!' exclaimed Mary; 'framed by fools, and put in force by usurers. Let justice laugh at the wise legislators who shut up the springs and expect the reservoirs to be filled.'

'Why, Miss,' said the official, 'I didn't make the law; I be only the officer of the law. So come along, Mr. Danvers, my good man, for I can't stop all day to hear your daughter's speeches. I have other jobs of the same sort in hand, and business must be attended to.'

'Go, unfeeling man,' answered Mary, 'we will go with you. Bear with misfortune, my dear father, like a man. I will accompany you—take my arm. If I have hung upon yours with pride upon more joyful occasions, it shall not be said that I was ashamed for you to rest upon mine when they led you through the streets to a prison.' And she accompanied him to the place of confinement.

It was two days after old Danvers had been taken to prison that the frigate in which William Stanley had been impressed made towards the land, and rode off the mouth of the Tyne, while a boat's crew were ordered on shore. Boatswain Rigby, apprehensive that William would request to be one of them, and that his request might be granted, had, previous to the boat leaving the vessel, sought to quarrel with him, and struck him; and requested of the lieutenant that, in consequence of the insolence he had used towards him, he should not be permitted to go on shore, but, as a punishment, placed on duty.

Poor Stanley was walking the deck, saying unto himself, 'Refused permission to go on shore. Yes, Rigby, petty tyrant as thou art, thou shall rue it. Refused a privilege that would have caused a slave to rebel, had he been denied it. But the time will come when we shall meet upon terms of equality; and were his

cowardice equal to his brutality—yea, were he shielded by a breast-plate hard as his own heart—my revenge shall wash out the impression and the shame of the blow with which to day he dared to smite me as a dog. The remembrance of that blow sticks as a dagger in my throat—its remembrance chokes me!’ And hurried on by the agitation of his feelings he spoke aloud as he continued: ‘Not only denied to set my foot upon the place of my nativity, but struck!—yes, struck like a hound, by a creature I despise. O memory,’ he added, ‘torture me not. Here, every remembered object strikes painfully upon my eyeballs. The church and the churchyard where my mother’s body now mingles with the dust are now before me, and I am prohibited from shedding a tear upon her grave. The banks of the Tyne, where I wandered with my Mary, while it sighed affection by my side, and the blue sea, which lay behind us, raising a song of love, are now visible—but though they are still beautiful they are as beautiful things that lived and were loved, but are now dead.’

In the intensity of his feelings he perceived not a boat which drew alongside; and, while he yet stood in a reverie, his old crony, Jack Jenkins, sprang on board, and assisted by a waterman, raised Mary Danvers to the deck.

‘Yonder he is,’ exclaimed Jack, ‘leaning over the gunwale, as melancholy as a merman making his last will and testament in the presence of his father Neptune.’

Stanley started round at the voice of his friend; he beheld his betrothed wife; for you know they were the same as betrothed—they had vowed to be true to each other, and I believe broken a ring betwixt them.

‘My own Mary,’ he cried, and sprang forward to meet her. The poor things fell upon each other’s neck, and wept like children.

‘Shove me your fist, my hearty,’ cried Jenkins, ‘as soon as you have done there. I thought I would give you a bit of an agreeable surprise,’

'There, Jack, there, my honest old friend,' cried Bill, stretching out his hand, and with the other supporting his sweetheart. 'My head and heart are scudding beneath a sudden tempest of joy. Speak, Mary, love; let me again hear your voice thrilling like music through my breast. O Jack! this visit is like one who has been run down in a squall at midnight, and ere he is aware that the waters have covered him over he finds himself aloft, listening to the harps of the happy.'

'I don't know what it is like, Bill,' said the other; 'but it an't like the meetings we used to have.'

'Why so silent, love?' said William, addressing Mary; 'in another hour I shall be off duty, and in one day of happiness let us forget the past.'

'Dear William,' she replied, 'I know not what I should conceal. I have so little of joy to communicate that I would not embitted the pleasure of the present short hour by a recital of the events that have occurred during your absence.'

'Hide nothing from me, Mary,' said he earnestly; 'but tell me, have my forebodings regarding the monster Wates been but too true? Or are your parents—You tremble, love—you are pale! O Jenkins speak—tell me what is the meaning of this?'

'Drop it, Bill, my dear fellow,' said the other, 'drop it. You have got Polly alongside of you there, with a heart as sound and true as when you left her; and don't distress her with questions; she didn't come aboard for that. I served out the old fellow Wates, as you requested me, with a rope's end, t'other night, and that pretty smartly, too. And, with regard to father Danvers, why, poor soul, somehow or other, misfortune has got the weather-gauge of him, and the other day he was taken to jail. So say no more about it, Bill—we can't mend it.'

'Why,' he exclaimed, stamping his foot as he spoke, 'why am I a slave? And who, my beloved Mary—who now shall protect you? But I can still do something. I have a bank bill for a hundred pounds, and savings

of former voyages. I know not why I took it out of my locker this morning. I had it carefully placed away with the ringlet which I cut from your brow, dearest. Here are both; I will keep the ringlet, and think it dearer than ever; take you the note, my love: it may be of service to your father.'

'No, no, William,' she cried, 'I must not, I cannot. Dearest, most generous of men, do not pity me, or I shall wither in your sight. Look on me as you were wont. But oh, let me not stand before you as a beggar. Keep it—as you love me, keep it—make me not ashamed to look in your face.'

'Then take it, Jack, take it,' said Stanley, handing him the note; 'do with it as I desire. Say nothing more now; for here comes our Boatswain Rigby, the curse of our ship's crew and the disgrace of the service.'

Mary shuddered as Rigby approached them; and boisterously said, 'Who have you got there, fellow, and you upon duty? I shall report you instantly. Some of your old friends, and meditating an escape with them, I see.' And turning to Jenkins, he added, 'Who, sir, gave you permission to come on board this vessel, and to bring a woman of that description with you? Off, instantly, or I shall detain you too. You, girl, must remain;' and he approached her familiarly to take her by the arm. Stanley sprang forward, exclaiming, 'Hold, sir, hold! You have insulted by your words; but touch not, as you would remain a living man, the hem of her garment.'

'Begone to your duty presumptuous slave,' cried the boatswain, fiercely; 'begone.' And as he spoke he raised his hand and struck him on the breast.

'Again!—ha—ha—ha!' exclaimed William, like a demon laughing through excess of torture; 'twice you have struck me, Rigby, to-day—struck me in the presence of her who is dearer to me than life. Now, Heaven have mercy on thee.' And seizing the boatswain by the breast, he hurled him violently on the deck and planted his foot upon his bosom.

‘William!—dear William!’ cried Mary, ‘forbear!—forbear!’

‘Bill, Bill, my dear fellow,’ cried Jack, ‘don’t lose your life for the sake of a ruffian.’

William continued standing with his foot upon his breast, laughing in the same wild and fearful manner, and shouting: ‘Struck me!’ while Rigby called for help. A number of the ship’s crew sprang forward to the rescue of the boatswain, who rising, cried, ‘The irons instantly. Set a double watch over him. He has attempted, as ye have witnessed, the life of an officer, and his first promotion shall be the yard-arm.’

While they were placing the irons upon him Mary threw herself at Rigby’s feet, exclaiming, ‘Oh, spare him!—save the life of my William!—by her that bore you, or that loves you, save him!—save him!’

‘Rise, Mary,’ cried William, ‘that our farewell glance be not one of reproach. Pray for vengeance on your enemy. Farewell, Jack—forever this time. See my Mary safe.’ And as they were bearing him away he turned his head towards her, and cried, ‘Dearest, we shall meet hereafter where the villian and tyrant cannot enter.’

She fell insensible on the deck, and, in a state of unconsciousness, was conveyed on shore by Jenkins.

The frigate was commanded by Captain Sherbourne, and when the officers were assembled to hold a court-martial over poor Stanley, he said, addressing Rigby, ‘There is not a man in the British Navy, Boatswain Rigby, more determined than myself to preserve order and discipline; but while, as captain of this vessel, I am compelled to enforce the law, I am no advocate for the inhuman and degrading lash; nor can I, with indifference, sentence a brave fellow to be hung up for doing that which the best feelings of his nature, and the sentiments of a hero, prompted him to do. I sit here as judge, and am neither advocate for the prisoner nor your accuser; but if the law must be satisfied, the offence, wherever it is found, shall be punished, whether in the accused or in the accuser; for it has not escaped

my observation that no officer under me has ever found a fault in the prisoner, save yourself. Are you then resolved and prepared to prosecute your charge ?'

'I am both resolved and prepared, Captain Sherbourne,' said Rigby; 'and I demand the satisfaction of the laws of my country and the service, not only as an officer that has been insulted and injured, but as a British officer and subject whose life has been attempted.'

'This is a serious charge, boatswain,' said Captain Sherbourne, 'let the prisoner be brought forward.'

The culprit was brought up, guarded, in fetters, and being placed before his judges, 'Prisoner,' began the captain, 'I deeply regret that one of your appearance, and of your uniform excellent conduct and courage, while under my command, should be brought before me under such circumstances as those in which you now stand; and I regret the more that if the charges be proved the proofs of your former character and courage, which are known to us, will be of no avail. You are charged not only with striking your commanding officer which is in itself a heinous offence, but also with attempting his life. Do you plead guilty or not guilty ?'

'That,' replied the prisoner, 'is as your honour pleases to interpret the deed. But there is no such charge reckoned against me in the log book aloft.'

'You then plead not guilty,' said the Captain.

'I am guilty,' answered he, 'of having acted as it was the duty of a man to act. I am guilty of having convinced a villian that a proud heart may be found beneath a plain blue jacket. I am guilty of having proved that there are souls and feelings before the mast as high-minded and as keen as upon the quarter deck. But the head and front of my offending hath this extent, no more.'

'He speaks bravely,' muttered some of those who heard him; 'the chaplain himself couldn't have said it so well by half.'

'Boatswain,' said the captain, in the hearing of the prisoner, 'state particulars of your charge against him.'

'While it was his turn on duty,' said Rigby, 'I found him neglecting it, and plotting his escape from the frigate in conversation with a suspicious-looking man and a girl of common fame——'

'Tis false—despicable recreant!—tis false!' interrupted William wildly; 'she is spotless as the fountains of light. Breathe again dishonour on her name and these chains that bind me shall hurl you, with the falsehood blistering on your tongue, down to——'

'Silence, young man,' interposed the captain, 'I command you. If you have cause of complaint you will afterwards be heard. You may be mistaken, Mr. Rigby, regarding the character of the young woman, and you will not better your cause in our eyes by unnecessarily blackening the prisoner's.'

'Captain Sherbourne,' inquired the boatswain, in an offended tone, 'do you question my honour?'

'I permit no such interruption, sir,' said the captain; 'we sit here to deal with facts, not with honour. Go on with your charge.'

'When,' resumed Rigby, 'I overheard him plotting his escape from the service, and commanded him to his duty, he haughtily rebelled; and on my ordering the stranger on shore, he sprang forward and dashed me on the deck, stamped his foot upon my breast, threatening and attempting to murder me, as these witnesses will prove.'

'Stand forward, my good fellows," said Captain Sherbourne, addressing two of the seamen, who had been witnesses of the assault, and assisted in rescuing the boatswain. 'Give your evidence truly. What do you know of this affair?'

'Why, your honour,' said the first seaman, 'just that the boatswain was lying upon the peck, and that Bill there had his foot upon his breast.'

'Do you suppose,' inquired the captain, 'he had a design upon his life?'

'Please your honour,' answered the seaman, 'I can't say; but you had better ask himself. If he had, he won't deny it; for I'll take my Bible oath that Bill, poor fellow, never hove the hatchet in his life—and I don't believe he would do it to save his life. I could always be as sure of what he said as I am of our latitude when your honour's own hand works it out.'

'Well,' inquired the Captain, addressing the other seaman, 'what evidenee have you to offer?'

'I don't know anything about evidence, your honours,' answered the seaman. 'The boatswain was lying on the deck, and poor Bill had his foot upon his breast sure enough, and was laughing in such a dismal way as made me think that he had gone maddish through ill-usage or something. For, poor fellow, he was never easily raised, and though brave as a lion, was harmless as a lamb—all the crew will swear that of him.'

'Prisoner,' said the captain, 'I am sorry that the evidence of these witnesses, who seem as sorry for your fate as I am, but too strongly confirm at least a part of the charges against you. If you have anything to say in your defence the court is inclined to hear you.'

'I am neither insensible of, nor ungrateful for, the kindness of my commander,' answered William; 'and for the sake of her and her only, of whom the boatswain dared to speak as one dishonoured, I do not hold life without its value. But I disdain to purchase it by the humiliation of vindicating myself farther from the accusations of a wretch I dispise. Let the law take its award. Death is preferable to being the servant of a slave.'

'I know not,' whispered Captain Sherbourne to his first lieutenant, 'how my lips shall pronounce sentence of death on this brave young fellow. His heroic courage and his talents compel me to revere and love him—and there is something, I know not what, in his features, haunts me as a lost remembrance.' Then turning towards the prisoner, he added, 'Before the sentence of the court is passed, whatever requests you may wish to have performed, I will see them faithfully carried into effect.'

‘Thanks, thanks,’ replied William; ‘I have but little to offer in return for your goodness; but the same spirit that made me resent the indignity of my accuser would, were my hands free, cause me to embrace your knees. I have but three requests to make. I wish my watch to be given to her who is dearest to me on earth—Mary Dauvers; my quadrant and other matters to my friend Jenkins, who sails in the ship “Enterprise,” now lying in the river; and my last request is, that with the ten guineas belonging to me, and now in possession of the purser, a stone may be placed upon my mother’s grave—which Mary Danvers will point out—with these words chiselled upon it:

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

AMIALE AND UNFORTUNATE

MATILDA STANLEY.

BY DESIRE OF HER UNFORTUNATE SON.

‘Matilda Stanley!’ exclaimed Captain Sherbourne, in a tone of agitation, ‘was that the name of your mother?’

‘It was, your honour,’ replied William, ‘and there were few such mothers.’

‘And your father!—your father!’ repeated the Captain, with increased agitation; ‘what knew you of him?’

‘Alas! nothing!’ exclaimed the prisoner, bitterly, and the tears gushed down his cheeks; ‘but, oh, recall not to my memory in a moment like this—recall not my mother’s—No! no! my sainted mother.’

‘O conscience! conscience!’ exclaimed the Captain, and starting to his feet, and gasping in eagerness as he spoke. ‘One question more—and your mother’s father was a dissenting clergyman in the village of—name—name the place, on that depends your life, and my happiness or misery.’

‘In the village of——, in Westmoreland,’ replied William; ‘but he survived not his daughter’s broken heart.’

‘You knew them, then? Oh, did you know my father?’

‘My son! myson! come to a father’s heart,’ exclaimed the Captain, springing forward and falling on his neck; ‘I AM YOUR FATHER. Shade of my wronged Matilda, look on this.’

‘My father!’ exclaimed William, ‘have I found him? and in such an hour? But if you loved my mother, wherefore——’

‘Upbraid me not, my son,’ interrupted the Captain, ‘mingle not gall with my cup of joy. Your mother was my wife—my first, my only one. Circumstances forced me to exact a promise from her that our marriage should be concealed until I dared to acknowledge it, and long captivity severed me from her; until, on my return, I could obtain no trace of either of you. How I have mourned for her, all who now stand beside me have been the daily witnesses. My son, my son!’

‘My father! O my father!’ exclaimed William; ‘but at this moment you are also my judge.’

‘No, no,’ cried the Captain. ‘Seamen, strike off the fetters from your commander’s son. Rigby, at another tribunal I will be surety for the appearance of my son,’

The fetters were struck off from William’s hands and feet, and officers and men burst simultaneously into three times three loud, long, hearty cheers.

The boatswain, fearing that a worse thing might come upon him, fell on his knees before the Captain, and made a full confession of his shameful intrigue with Squire Wates, and begged forgiveness. As his kidnapping of William had been the means of finding the commander his son the rascal was forgiven, but dismissed from the frigate.

But I must return to poor Mary. She was sitting beside her father in the prison, when he addressed her, saying: ‘Come, come, child, thou saidst thou wouldst sing and read to me, and is this thy singing—nothing

'but sighs and tears? I'm saying, is this thy promised singing, daughter?—but it is perhaps the fittest singing for a jail.'

'Ah, father,' said Mary, 'you know I would not willingly add to your sorrows. But can you forbid me to weep for him who, from childhood, has been to me as a brother—whom I have long regarded as a husband, and who, for my sake, must in a few hours die as the vilest criminal.'

'Why, I'm saying daughter,' said old Danvers, 'let's have no more about it. I'm as sorry for Bill Stanley as thou canst be for thy life. But I say, girl, they can expect no better who fly in the face of a father. I am sure we have distress enough of our own, if we would only think about it, without meddling with that of other people's. Is it not bad enough that thy father is shut up here within these iron bars, and perhaps thou and thy mother will be driven to beg upon the streets, when thou mightst have been riding in thy carriage? I'm saying is not this misery enough, without thy crying about what thou hast nothing to do with? Why, Mary, thou mayest be thankful thou an't his wife.'

'Father! father!' she said, wringing her hands together 'murmur not at our lot, nor upbraid me with sympathizing in misery to which yours is mercy. What are the sufferings of want compared with that I now feel? To save him I could smile and be happy, though doomed to beg and kniss the foot that spurned me from them.'

The sheriff's officer and Mrs. Danvers at this moment entered, and the latter rushed towards her husband, exclaiming: 'O husband! husband! the worst is come at last! They have seized house and all—and Mary, thou and I are left without a roof to cover us. Thou hast no home now, hinny. Your father is shut up in this filthy prison, and your mother never knew what misery was till now.'

'Wife, wife!' cried old Danvers, 'what dost thou say?—seized the house too!—and my wife and daughter

driven to the streets. O wife!—I say I wish I had never been born. Mary, Mary, love, what wilt thou do now?’

‘Do not, my dear parents,’ said Mary, ‘repine at the hand of Providence. He who clothes the lily and feeds the fowls of the air will not permit us to perish in the midst of Christians.’

‘Daughter, daughter,’ cried her mother, ‘thou little knowest what a hard-hearted and wicked world we live in! Humanity and honesty and everything that is good have gone out of it. The world was not so when I knew it first.’

‘Well, well,’ cried old Danvers; ‘if the world be as bad as you say, it is one comfort that I shall not be long in it; for I cannot live to know that my wife and child are beggars, and that I am a prisoner starving in a jail.’

At this moment Wates entered the room, and addressing Mr. Danvers, said: ‘I have but this morning heard of your misfortunes, Mr. Danvers, and have not lost a moment in hastening to offer my assistance. To your daughter I now offer my hand, my fortune, and my heart; and let her but say she will accept them and this day ends your imprisonment.’

‘There, old woman!’ exclaimed Mr. Danvers, in ecstasy, ‘what dost thou and our daughter think of that? Did I not say that Mr. Wates meant marriage, and nothing but marriage—and was not I right? Thou shalt have her, sir, with a father’s blessing, and I will pray for thee the longest day I have to live. Fall on thy knees, Mother Danvers—fall on thy knees, and thank the kind, good, generous gentleman. Daughter, why dost thou stand there and say nothing? Did I not always say thou wast born to be a lady?’

‘For the sake of human nature, Mr. Wates,’ said Mary, ‘I will suppose that your intentions are now honourable. I will believe that you mean kindly, that you are willing to assist my parents, and rescue them from their distress. But, could I even forget the past—could I forget that for many months you sought my

destruction, and have striven to make me become that which would have made me to be despised in my own eyes, and an outcast in those of others—if, sir, I could forget these things, I could not give my hand to one whom my heart has been accustomed to detest. For your offered kindness I would thank you with my tears, but I can only repay you with gratitude. If, however, your assistance to my parents is only to be procured through my consenting to your wishes, they must remain as they are now, until it shall please Providence to send them a more disinterested deliver. Betwixt us there is a gulf fixed that shall ever divide us—it is death and aversion—therefore think not of me,’

‘Daughter,’ cried the old man wrathfully, ‘hast thou taken leave of thy senses altogether?’

‘Come, Mary, love,’ said her mother; ‘now that poor William must be no more, and that Mr. Wates means honourably, be not obstinate—do not suffer your father to die in a place like this and your mother to beg upon the streets.’

‘Mother!’ cried Mary, vehemently, ‘with the last of my blood will I toil for your support; but speak not of that man to me. Keep, sir, your wealth for one to whom it may have attractions, and to whom you have never offered dishonour. I despise it, and I despise you; and this shallow and cruel artifice shall avail you nothing.’

‘Consent,’ said Wates, ‘and to-night our hands shall be united.’

‘Wife! wife!’ cried the old man, ‘we shall humble ourselves at her feet; belike she won’t see her father and mother weeping, on their knees before her, and say to them die.’ And they knelt before her.

‘Rise, my parents, rise!’ she exclaimed; ‘if ye would not have your daughter’s blood upon your head. Monster,’ she added, turning to Wates, ‘can ye talk of marriage to me, when he to whom my heart and vows are given, if he be not already dead, must in a few hours die a death of shame.’

‘And will you not save him?’ said Wates, eagerly

‘Save him!—how? how?’ she cried.

‘Consent to be mine, and within an hour I shall procure his pardon,’ said he.

‘Villian! villian! would you deceive me with the snare of the devil?’ she exclaimed.

‘I swear it,’ he answered.

‘Save him! save him!’ she exclaimed wildly; but again cried suddenly, ‘No, no, wretch you mock me.’

‘Yes, he mocks you, Mary,’ said Jack Jenkins, who had just entered. ‘I could find in my heart to kick the old murderer through these iron gratings; for I know it is all through him that poor Bill must, before the sun goes down, lose his life.’

While Jack was speaking the locks of the prison-doors were again heard creaking, and in rushed William, his father, and the officers of the frigate, and they dragged the rascal Rigby along with them. There was a cry of ‘Mary!’ ‘William!’ and a rush to meet each other. But the best scene was the confusion of Wates when his brother knave exposed his villany; and Captain Sherbourne ordering them to begone, Jack Jenkins rushed after them, for the pleasure of kicking them down the prison stairs; but Bill catching him by the arm, said, ‘Messmate, let me introduce you to my father.’

‘Your father!’ exclaimed Mary; and it would have been hard to say which of the two was nearest fainting. They left the prison together, old Danvers and all; and Mary and Bill were soon spliced. They were the happiest couple alive. He rose to be post captain; and I hope to see him an admiral. So gentlemen, that’s an end to my yarn.”

“But,” inquired the company, “what became of Jack Jenkins?” “Why I’m Jack Jenkins,” answered he; “sail-master, with half-pay of five and six-pence a day, besides two shillings as interest for prize-money—thanks to my old friend Bill.”

GRIZEL COCHRANE.

A TALE OF TWEEDMOUTH MOOR.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formadable enemies to his dangerous usurpations was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor of the present Earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion, and for ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of its chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the King's troops—long, deadly, and desperate was his resistance; but at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and his jailer waited but the arrival of his death-warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eyes, and of his house—even Grizel, the daughter of his love. Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold damp walls of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsation that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered, followed

by a young and beautiful lady. Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark, bright, and tearless; but their brightness spoke of sorrow—of sorrow too deep to be wept away; and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow, clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered.

“My child! my own Grizel!” he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

“My father! my dear father!” sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away tear that accompanied the words.

“Your interview must be short—very short,” said the jailer, as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

“God help and comfort thee, my daughter!” added the unhappy father, as he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow. “I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death; but thou art come, my love—thou art come, and the last blessing of thy wretched father——”

“Nay! forbear! forbear!” she exclaimed; “not thy last blessing—not thy last. My father shall not die.”

“Be calm, be calm, my child,” returned he; “would to Heaven that I could comfort thee—my own, my own. But there is no hope—within three days, and thou and all my little ones will be——”

Fatherless—he would have said, but the words died on his tongue.

“Three days,” repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand, “three days, then there is hope—my father shall live. Is not my grandfather the friend of Father Petre, the confessor and the master of the King?—from him we shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die.”

“Nay, nay, my Grizel,” returned he; “be not deceived—there is no hope—already my doom is sealed—already the king has signed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way.”

"Yet my father SHALL NOT—SHALL NOT die," she repeated emphatically, and clasping her hands together, "Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed, and turning to her father, said calmly, "We part now, but we shall meet again."

"What would my child?" inquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now," she replied, "my father ask not now; but pray for me and bless me—but not with thy last blessing."

He again pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned a wayfaring man crossed the draw-bridge at Berwick, from the north, and proceeding down Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelry on the south side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the "Main-guard" then stood. He did not enter the inn; for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his head quarters a few years before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James VI. had taken up his residence when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak, composed of equally plain materials. He was evidently a young man; but his beaver was drawn down, so as almost to conceal his features. In the one hand he carried a small bundle, and after resting for a few minutes, rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this," said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was upon the borders of the wide, desolate, and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which for miles presented a desert of whins, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a dingle covered with thick brushwood. He slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm which now raged in wildest fury. The rain fell in turrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, until he had proceeded about two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the wayside. Nearly an hour had passed since he sought his imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horses feet was heard, hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head, and the traveller stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, benumbed and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms; but in a moment, the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail for the north, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying in groups to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the moor; but no trace of the robbery could be obtained.

Three days had passed, and Sir John Cochrane yet lived. The mail which contained his death-warrant had been robbed; and before another order for his execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dundonald, with the King's confessor, might be successful. Grizel now became almost his

constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even that hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful—and a second time the bigoted, and would-be despotic monarch, had signed the warrant for his death, and within a little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of Heaven be done," groaned the captive.

"Amen," returned Grizel, with wild vehemence; "but my father shall not die."

Again the rider with the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane. He spurred his horse to its utmost speed, he looked cautiously before, behind, and around him; and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghastly light across the heath, rendering desolation visible, and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. He was turning the angle of a straggling copse, when his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into its very eyes. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and the horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who, bending over him, and braudishing a short dagger in his hand, said:

"Give me thine arms, or die."

The heart of the King's servant failed within him; and without venturing a reply he did as he was commanded.

"Now, go thy way," said the robber sternly, "but leave with me thy horse, and leave with me the mail—lest a worse come upon thee,"

The man therefore arose and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling; and the robber mounted the horse which he had left and rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail with his second death-warrant to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days, and the life of the prisoner would be again prolonged. He again fell on the neck of his daughter and wept, and said :

“It is good—the hand of Heaven is in this.”

“Said I not,” replied the maiden—and for the first time she wept aloud—“that my father should not die.”

The fourteen days were not yet past, when the prison doors flew open, and the old Earl rushed to the arms of his son. His intercession with the confessor had been at length successful, and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the King had sealed his pardon. He had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house—his family were clinging around him shedding tears of joy—and they were marvelling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail, and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered. He was habited, as we have before described, with a coarse cloak and coarser jerkin; but his bearing was above his condition. On entering he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered.

“When you have persued these,” said he, taking two papers from his bosom, “cast them in the fire.”

Sir John glanced at them, started, and became pale—they were his death-warrants.

“My deliverer,” exclaimed he, “how shall I thank thee—how repay the saviour of my life? My father—my children—thank him for me.”

The old Earl grasped the hand of the stranger; the children embraced his knees; and he burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud; and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father, "my own child! my saviour—my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more—the imagination of the reader can supply the rest.



SIR PATRICK HUME.

A TALE OF THE HOUSE OF MARCHMONT.

Sir Patrick Hume, of Polwrath, was elected representative of the county of Berwick in the year 1665, being then in the twenty-fifth year of his age. He was a lover of freedom, a lover of his country, and a staunch Presbyterian. In those days, however, a love of freedom was a dangerous principal either to avow or to carry into Parliament. The tyrant Charles, whom some falsely call the Merry Monarch, was then attempting to rule the Empire with a rod of iron. You have all heard of his Long Parliament, and of his afterwards governing the country, like an absolute tyrant, without a Parliament at all. Fettered and servile as Parliaments then were, young Hume had boldly stood forward as the advocate of civil and religious liberty; and when the arbitrary monarch sent down a mandate to Scotland for a levy of men and of money, that he might carry his plans of despotism the more effectually into execution, Sir Patrick resisted the slavishness with which it was about to be obeyed.

"What!" exclaimed he, "are we mere instruments in the hands of the King; creatures appointed to minister to his pleasure? Are we not representatives of the people of Scotland; the representatives of their wants and their wishes, and the defenders of their rights; and shall we as such, at the mere nod of a monarch, drag them from following their plow in the valley, or attending their hirsels on the hill? Shall we do these things, and lay contributions on their cattle, on their

corn, and on their coffers, merely because his Majesty wills it? Pause, my countrymen. The King has no authority to compel such a measure, and it can only be rendering legal by the concurrence of the assembled representatives of the people."

"Treason!" vociferated the Duke of Lauderdale, who was the arch-minion of Charles: "before the Parliament of Scotland, I denounce Sir Patrick Hume as a dangerous man—as a plotter against the life and dignity of our Sovereign Lord our King."

"What!" exclaimed Sir Patrick, indignantly fixing his eyes upon Lauderdale, "though there may be amongst us a slave who would sell his country for a royal smile, I still hope that this is a FREE Parliament, and it concerns all the members to be FREE in what concerns the nation."

From that day, Sir Patrick Hume became a suspected man, and the eyes of the King's creatures were upon him; and when two years afterwards, Charles endeavored to put down the people by the sword, and establish garrisons throughout the country, again the laird of Polwrath stood foremost in the ranks of opposition, and resisted his power. The King accordingly ordered his Privy Council to crush so dangerous a spirit, and Sir Patrick Hume was confined in Stirling Castle, where, with the exception of a short interval, he was imprisoned for two years.

Britain had long been distracted with the pretended discovery of fabulous or ridiculous plots against the royal family; and the perjury of paid miscreants like the infamous Titus Oates, was causing the scaffolds to run with blood. But tyranny being glutted with Catholic blood, and the extinguishing of what were called the Popish plots, the myrmidons of Charles (who lived a libertine and died a Papist) professed that they had discovered a Protestant plot against his royal person. In this plot the incorruptible Algernon Sydney, Lord Russel, Mr. Bailie of Jerviswoode, and Sir Patrick Hume, were included. They beheld their common country withering and wasting beneath the grasp of a

tyrant ; and true it is that they had united together to restore it to freedom, but they were innocent of designs against his life, or even of a wish to dethrone him. They did not, however, act sufficiently in concert, and were unable to bring their plans into operation. A price was set upon their heads—some fled into exile, and others sought refuge on the mountain and in the wilderness, while the amiable Russell died upon the scaffold.

It was near nightfall, in the month of September, 1684, when Jamie Winter, who was joiner on the estate of Polwrath, ran breathless up to Redbraes Castle, and knocked loudly at the door. It was opened by John Allan, the land-steward, who, perceiving his agitation became alarmed, and inquired :

“In the name o’ gudeness, Jamie, whats happened, or what do ye want ?”

“Dinna ask, Maister Allan,” replied Jamie ; “but for Heaven’s sake tell me is Sir Patrick at hame ? and let me speak to him presently, as ye value his life.”

“Follow me then, Jamie,” said the other, “and come in quietly, that the servants mayna observe anything extraordinar’—for we live in times when a man canna trust his own brither.”

The honest joiner was ushered into a room where Sir Patrick sat in the midst of his family, acting at once as their schoolmaster and their playmate.

“Well, James,” said the laird, “I understand ye have been at Berwick the day—ye’ve got back early—what uncos heard ye there ?”

“I watna, Sir Patrick,” replied the other ; “now-a-days I think there’s naething unco that can happen. Satan seems to have been let loose on our poor misgoverned country. But I wish to speak to your honour very particularly, and in private, if you please.”

“You may speak on, James,” said the laird, “I am private in the midst o’ my ain family.”

"Wi' your guid leave, sir," returned the cautious servant, "I wad rather the bairns were oot o' the way, for what I hae to say is no proper for them to hear, and the sooner ye are acquainted wi' it the better."

Sir Patrick led his young children out of the room, but requested Lady Polwrath and there eldest daughter, Grizel, a lovely dark-haired girl, to remain with them.

"You are the bearer of evil tidings, James," said he, as he returned, "but you may tell them now—it is meet that my wife should hear them, if they concern me; and" added he, taking Grizel's hand in his, "I keep no secrets from my little secretary."

"God bless her," said James, "she's an auld-farrant bairn, as wise as she's bonny, I ken that. But, your honour, I am indeed the bearer of evil tidings. A party o' troopers arrived at Berwick this morning, and it was nae secret there that they would be baith at Jerviswoode and Redbraes before night. I heard them talk o' the premium that was set upon your life, and slipped out o' the town immediately, without performing a single transaction, or speaking a word to a living creature. How I've got along the road is mair than I can tell, for I was literally sick, blind, and desperate wi' grief."

Lady Polwrath burst into tears. Sir Patrick grasped the hand of his faithful servant. Little Grizel gazed in her fathers face with a look of silent despair, but neither spoke nor wept.

"Oh, fly, fly instantly, my dear husband," cried Lady Polwrath, "and Heaven direct you."

"Be composed my love," said Sir Patrick; "I fear that flight is impossible; but some means of evading them may perhaps be devised."

"O my leddy," said Jamie Winter, "to flee is out of the question a' thegither. Government has its spies at every turn o' the road—in every house in the country—even in this house. Our only hope is to conceal Sir Patrick; but how or where is beyond my comprehension."

Many were the schemes devised by the anxious wife—many the suggestions of her husband, and honest

Jamie proposed numerous plans—but each was, in its turn, rejected as being unsafe. More than an hour had passed in these anxious deliberations: within three hours more and the King's troops would be at his gate. Grizel had till now remained silent, and dashing away the first tear that rolled down her cheek, she flung her arms round her father's neck, and exclaimed in an eager and breathless whisper:

"I ken a place, faither—I ken a place that the King's troopers and his spies will never find out; and I'll stop beside ye, to bear ye company."

"Bless my bairn," said Sir Patrick, pressing her to his breast, "and where's the place, dearest?"

"The aisle below Polwrath kirk, faither," returned Grizel—"nae trooper will find out such a hiding place; for the mouth's a wee bit hole, and the long grass, and the docks, and the nettles grow over it, and I could slip out and in without tramping them down; and naebody would think o' seeking you there, faither."

Lady Polwrath shuddered, and Sir Patrick pressed the cheek of his lovely daughter to his lips.

"Save us a', bairn," said Jamie, "there's surely something no earthly about yer young ladyship, for ye hae mair sense than us a' put thegither. The aisle is the very place. I'll steal awa, an' hae a kind o' bed put up in it, an' tak twa or three bits o' necessary things; and Sir Patrick, ye'll slip out o' the house an' meet me there as soon as possible."

Within an hour Sir Patrick had joined Jamie Winter in the dark and dismal aisle. The humble bed was soon and silently fitted up, and the faithful servant, wishing his master farewell, left him alone in his dreary prison-house. Slow and heavily the hours of darkness moved on. He heard the trampling of the troopers' horses galloping in quest of him. The oaths and the imprecations of the riders fell distinctly on his ears. Amidst such sounds he heard them mention his name. But his heart failed not. He knelt down upon the cold damp floor of his hiding-place—upon the bones of his fathers—and there, in soundless, but earnest prayer, suppli-

cated his father's God to protect his family—to save his country—to forgive his persecutors, and to do with him as seemed good in his sight. He arose, and laying himself upon his cold and comfortless bed, slept calmly. He awoke shivering and benumbed. Faint streaks of light stole into the place of death through its narrow aperture, dimly revealing the ghastly sights of the charnel-house, and the slow reptiles that crawled along the floor. Again night came on, and the shadows of light, if I may use the expression died away. A second morning had come and a second time the feeble rays had been lost in utter darkness. It was near midnight, and the slender stock of provisions which he had brought were nigh exhausted. He started from his lowly couch—he heard a rustling among the weeds at the mouth of the aisle—he heard some one endeavouring to remove the fragment of an old gravestone that covered it.

“Faither,” whispered an eager voice, “faither, it is me—yer ain Grizel.”

“My own devoted, my matchless child,” said Sir Patrick, stretching his hand towards the aperture, and receiving her in his arms.

She sat down beside him on the bed—she detailed the search of the troopers—that a spy was set over the very vituals that came from the table, lest he should be concealed near, and fed by his family.

“But what of that?” continued the light-hearted and heroic girl; “while my plate is supplied, my faither’s shall not be empty; and here,” added she, laughing, “here is a flask of wine, cakes, and a sheep’s head. It was placed on a plate before me at dinner-time. The servant was out o’ the room, naebody was looking, and I whupped it into my apron. Little Sandy wanted a piece, and turning round for it, and missing the head, ‘Ah, mother,’ he cried, ‘our Grizzly has swallowed a sheep’s head, bones an’ a’ in a moment.’ ‘Wheesht, laddie,’ said my mother, ‘eat ye the next ane then.’ ‘Oh, ye greedy Grizzly,’ said Sandy, shaking his little neive in my face; ‘I’ll mind you for this.’ ‘I’m sure

Sandy will ne'er forget me,' said I, and slipped away out to hide the sheep's head in my own room; and as soon as I thought naebody was astir, I creeped out quietly by the window and got down here behind the hedges—and I'll come every night, faither. But last night the troopers were still about the house."

In spite of his misery, Sir Patrick laughed at the ingenuity of his beloved and heroic daughter; then wept and laughed again, and pressed her to his bosom.

He had passed many weeks in this cheerless dungeon, with no companion during the day save a volume of Buchanan's Psalms, but every night he was visited by his intrepid daughter, who at once supplied him with food, and beguiled the hours of his solitude. He was sitting in the gloomy cell, conning over his favourite volume—the stone at the aperture had been pushed aside a few inches to admit the light more freely, and weeds at the entrance were now bowed down and withered by the frost—a few boys were playing in the churchyard, and tossing a ball against the kirk. Being driven from the hand of an unskilful player, it suddenly bounded into the aisle. Sir Patrick started, and the book dropped from his hand. Immediately the aperture was surrounded by the boys and the stone removed. They stood debating who should enter, but none had sufficient courage. At length, one more hardy than the rest, volunteered to enter, if another would follow him. The laird gave himself up as lost, for he knew that even the tale of a schoolboy would effect his ruin. He was aware he could disperse them with a single groan; but even that, when told to his enemies, might betray him. At length three agreed to enter, and the feet of the first already protruded into the aisle. Sir Patrick cept silently to its farthest corner, when the gruff voice of the old grave-digger reached his ears, shouting:

"The mischief's in the callants, an' nae guid; what are ye doing there? Do ye want the ghaists o' the auld Humes about yer lugs?"

The boys fled amain, and the old man came growling to the mouth o' the aisle.

"The deevil's in the bairns o' Polwrath," said he, "for they would disturb the very dead in their graves. I'll declare they've tane the stane frae the mouth o' the isle."

He stooped down, and Sir Patrick saw his grim visage through the aperture, and heard him thus continue his soliloquy, as he replaced the stone :

"Sorrow tak' the hands that moved the stane—ye're hardly worth the covering up again, for ye're a profitless hole to me; and I fancy him that I should lay in ye next, be he where he likes, will gang the gate that his freend Bailie, gaed yesterday on a scaffold. A grave-digger's a puir business I am sorrow to say, in our king's reign; an' the fient a ane thrives but the common executioner."

So saying, he enveloped Sir Patrick in utter darkness.

That night Grizel and her father left the aisle together, and from her he learned the particulars of what he had heard muttered by the grave-digger, that his friend, Mr. Bailie of Jerviswoode, had been executed the previous day.

Disguised, and in the character of a surgeon, he by-ways reached London, and from thence fled to France. On the death of Charles, and when the bigot James ascended the throne, Sir Patrick was one of the leaders of the band of patriots who drew their swords in behalf of a Protestant succession.

That enterprise was unsuccessful; and after contending almost single-handed against the enemies of his country, he and his family sought refuge in a foreign land. He assumed the name of Dr. Peter Wallace, and they took up their abode in Utecht. There, poverty and privations sought and found the exiles. They had parted with every domestic, and the lovely Grizel was the sole servant and helper of her mother, and when their work was done, the assistant of her father in the education of the younger children; for he had no longer the means of providing them a tutor. Yet theirs was a family of love—a family of happiness—and poverty purified their affections. But their remittances from

Scotland were not only scanty but uncertain. Till now Sir Patrick had borne his misfortune with resignation and even cheerfulness; he cared not that he was striped of attendants, and of every luxury of life; yet at times the secret and unbidden tears would start into his eyes, as he beheld his wife and his fair daughter performing without a murmur, the most menial offices. But the measure of his trials was not yet full—luxuries were not only denied him, but he was without food to set before his children. The father wept, and his spirit heaved with anguish. Grizel beheld his tears, and she knew the cause. She spoke not; but hastening to her little cabinet, she took from it a pair of jewelled bracelets, and wrapping herself up in a cloak, she took a basket under her arm, and hurried to the street. The gentle being glided along the streets of Utrecht, with her eyes fixed upon the ground, and shunning the glance of the passengers, as if each knew her errand. She stood before a shop in which all manner of merchandise was exposed, and three golden balls were suspended over the door. She cast a timid gaze into the shop—thrice she passed and repassed it, and repeated the timid glance. She entered—she placed the bracelets upon the counter, with an inquiring look.

“How much?” was the laconic question of the shopman. Grizel burst into tears. He handed her a sum of money across the counter, and deposited the the bracelets in his desk. She bounded from the shop with a heart and step light as a young bird in its first pride of plumage. She hastened home with her basket filled. She placed it upon the table. Lady Polwrath wept, and fell upon her daughter’s neck.

“Where have you been Grizel?” faltered her father.

“Purchasing provisions for a bauble,” said she; and the smile and the tear were seen simultaneously on her cheek together.

But many were the visits which the gentle Grizel had to pay to the Golden Balls, while one piece of plate was pledged after another, that her father, and her mother, and her brethren, might eat and not die; and

even then, the table of Sir Patrick, humble as it was, and uncertainly provided for, was open to the needy of his countrymen. Thus three years passed—the memorable 1688 arrived. Sir Patrick was the friend, the counsellor, and supporter of King William—he arrived with him in England—he shared in his triumph. He was created Lord Polwrath, and appointed sheriff of Berwickshire; and in 1696, though not a lawyer but an upright man, he was made Lord Chancellor of Scotland, and created Earl of Marchmont, and Lord of Polwrath Redbraes, and Greenlaw. He was one of the most ardent promoters of the Union, and with it ceased his political career. In 1710, when the Tories came into power, the Earl, being the staunchest Whig in Scotland, was deprived of office of sheriff of Berwickshire, but was reinstated in 1715. His lady being dead, he came to take up residence in Berwick-upon-Tweed; and there, when the heroic Grizel, who was now a wife and a mother (being married to the son of his unfortunate friend, Mr. Bailie of Jarviswoode), came with her children and friends to visit him for the last time, as they danced in the hall, though unable to walk, he desired to be carried into the midst of them, and beating time with his foot, “See, Grizel,” exclaimed the old patriot, “though your father is unable to dance he can still beat time with his foot.”

Shortly after this, he died in Berwick, on the 1st of August, 1724, in the eighty-third year of his age—leaving behind him an example of piety, courage, and patriotism, worthy the imitation of posterity.



SQUIRE BEN.

Before introducing my readers to the narrative of Squire Ben, it may be proper to inform them who Squire Ben was. In the year 1816, when the piping times of peace had begun, and our heroes, like Othello, found "their occupation gone," a thickset, bluff, burly-headed little man—whose every word and look reminded you of Incledon's "Cease, rude Boreas," and bespoke him to be one of those who had "sailed with noble Jervis," or,

"In gallant Duncan's fleet,
Had sung out, yo heave ho!"—

purchased a small estate in Northumberland, a few miles from the banks of the Coquet. He might be fifty years of age; but his weather-beaten countenance gave him the appearance of a man of sixty. Around the collar of a Newfoundland dog, which followed him more faithfully than his shadow, were engraved the words, "Captain Benjamin Cookson;" but after he had purchased the estate to which I have alluded, his poorer neighbours called him Squire Ben. He was a strange mixture of enthusiasm, shrewdness, courage, comicality, generosity, and humanity. Ben, on becoming a country gentleman, became a keen fisher; and as it is said, "a fellow feeling makes one wonderful kind," I also, being fond of the sport, became a mighty favourite with the bluff-faced squire. It was on a fine bracing day in March, after a tolerable day's fishing, we went to dine and spend the afternoon in the Angler's Inn, which stand at the north end of the bridge over

the Coquet, at the foot of the hill leading up to Long-framlington. Observing that Ben was in good sailing trim, I dropped a hint that an account of his voyages and cruises on the ocean of life would be interesting.

"Ah, my boy," said Ben, "you are there with your soundings, are you? Well, you shall have a long story by the shorest tack. Somebody was my father," continued he, "but whom I know not. This much I know about my mother: she was cook in a gentleman's family in this county; and being a fat, portly body—something of the build of her son I take it—no one suspected that she was in a certain delicate situation, until within a few days before I was born. Then, with very grief and shame, the poor thing became delirious; and as an old servant of the family has since told me, you could see the very flesh melting off her bones. While she continued in a state of delirium, your humble servant, poor Benjamin, was born; and without recovering her senses, she died within an hour after my birth, leaving me—a beautiful orphan as you see me now—a leagacy to the workhouse and the world. Benjamin was my mother's family name—from which I suppose they had something of the Jew in their blood; though Heaven knows, I have none in my composition. So they who had the christening of me gave me my mother's name of Benjamin as my Christian name; and from her occupation as cook, they surnamed me Cookson; that is, 'Benjamin the Cook's son,' simply Benjamin Cookson, more simply, Squire Ben. Well, you see, my boy, I was born beneath the roof of an English Squire, and before I was three hours old, was handed over to the workhouse. This was the beginning of my life. The first thing I remember was hating the workhouse—the second was loving the sea. Yes, sir, before I was seven years old, I used to steal away in the noble company of my own good self, and sit down upon a rock on the solitary beach, watching the ships, the waves, and the sea-birds—wishing to be a wave, a ship or a bird—ay, sir, wishing to be anything but poor orphan Ben. The sea was to me what my parents should have been—a

thing I delighted to look upon. I loved the very music of its maddest storms; though, quietly, I have since had enough of them. I began my career before I was ten years of age, as cabin-boy in a collier. My skipper was a dare-devil, tear-away sort of fellow, who cared no more for running down one of your coasting craft than for turning a quid in his mouth. But he was a good, honest, kind-hearted sort of chap for all that—barring that the rope's end was too often in his hand. 'Ben,' says he to me one misty day, when we were taking coals across the herring pond to the Dutchmen, and the man at the helm could not see half-way to the mast head, 'Ben, my little fellow, can you cipher?' 'Yes, sir,' says I. 'The deuce you can!' says he; 'then you're just the lad for me. And do you understand logarithms?' 'No, sir,' says I, 'what sort of wood be they?' 'Wood behanged! you blockhead!' said he, raising his foot in a passion, but with a smile on the corners of his mouth shoved it to the deck again, before it reached me. 'But come Ben, you can cipher, you say; well, I know all about the radius and tangents, and them sort of things, and stating the question; but blow me if I have a multiplication table on board—my fingers are of no use at a long number, and I am always getting out of it counting by chalks; so come below, Ben, and look over the question, and let us find where we are. I know I have made a mistake some-way; and mark ye, Ben, if ye don't find it out—ye that can cipher—there's a rope's-end to your supper, and that's all.' Hows'ever, sir, I did find it out, and I was regarded as a prodigy in the ship ever after. The year before I was out of my apprenticeship, our vessel was laid up for four months, and our skipper sent me to school during the time, at his own expense, saying: 'Get navigation, Ben, my boy, and you will one day be a commodore—by Jupiter, you'll be an honour to the navy.' I got as far as 'Dead Reckoning,' and there I reckon I made a dead stand, or rather I cased to do anything but study 'Lunar Observations.' Our owner had a daughter, my own age to a day. I can't describe

her, sir; I haven't enough of what I suppose you would call poetry about me for that, but upon the word of a sailor, her hair was like night rendered transparent—black, jet black; her neck white as the spray on the bosom of a billow; her face was lovelier than a rainbow; and her figure handsome as a frigate in full sail. But she had twenty thousand pounds—she was no bargain for orphan Ben. However, I saw her, and that was enough—learning and I shook hands. Her father had a small yacht—he proposed taking a pleasure party to the Coquet Isle. Jess—for that was her name—was one of the passengers, and the management of the yacht was entrusted to me. In spite of myself I gazed on her by the hour—was intoxicated with passion—my heart swelled as if it would burst from my bosom. I saw a titled puppy touch her fingers—I heard him prattle love in her ears. My first impulse was to dash him overboard. I wished the sea which I loved might rise and swallow us. I thought it would be happiness to die in her company—perhaps to sink with her arm clinging round my neck for protection. The wish of my madness was verified. We were returning. We were five miles from the shore. A squall, then a hurricane, came on—every sail was reefed—the mast was snapped as I would snap that pipe between my fingers;” (here the old Squire, suiting the acting to the word, broke the end of his pipe), “the sea rose—the hurricane increased, the yacht capsized, as a feather twirls in the winds. Every soul that had been on board was now struggling for life—buffeting the billows. At that moment I had but one thought, and that was of Jess; but one wish, and that was to die with her. I saw my fellow-creatures in their death agonies, but I looked only for her. At the moment we were upset, she was clinging to the arm of the titled puppy for protection; and now I saw her within five yards of me still clinging to the skirts of his coat, calling on him and on her father to save her; and I saw him—yes, sir, I saw the monster, while struggling with one hand, raise the other to strike her in the face, that he might extricate

himself from her grasp. 'Brute! monster!' I exclaimed; and the next moment I had fixed my clenched hand in the hair of his head. Then with one hand I grasped the arm of her I loved; and with the other, uttering a fiendish yell, I eadeavoured to hurl the coward to the bottom of the sea. The yacht still lay bottom up, but was now a hundred yards from us; however, getting my arm round the waist ot my adored Jess—I laughed at the sea—I defied the hurricane. We reached the yacht. Her keel was not three feet out of the water; and with my right hand I managed to obtain a hold on it. I saw two of the crew and six of the passengers perish; but her father and the coward who had struck her from him still struggled with the waves. They were borne far from us. Within half an hour I saw a vessel pick them up. It tried to reach us, but could not. Two hours more had passed, and night was coming on—my strength gave way—my hold loosened—I made one more desperate effort, I fixed my teeth in the keel; but the burden under my arm was still sacred. I felt her breath upon my cheek, it inspired me with a lion's strength, and for another hour I clung to the keel. Then the fury of the storm slackened; a boat from the vessel that had picked up her father reached us, and we were taken on board. She was senseless, but still breathed; my arm seemed glued round her waist. I was almost unconscious of everything, but an attempt to take her from me. My teeth gnashed when they touched my hand to do |so. As we approached the vessel, those on board hailed us with three cheers. We were lifted on deck. She was conveyed to the cabin. In a few minutes I became fully conscious of our situation. Some one gave me brandy, my brain became on fire. 'Where is she?' I exclaimed, 'did I not save her?—save her from the coward who would have murdered her?' I rushed to the cabin; she was recovering; her father stood over her; strangers were rubbing her bosom. Her father took my hand to thank me; but I was frantic. I rushed towards her, I bent over her, I pressed my lips to hers, I called her mine. Her father

grasped me by the collar, "Boy, beggar, bastard!" he exclaimed. With his last word half of my frenzy vanished, for a moment I seized him by the throat, I cried 'Repeat the word!' I groaned in agony of shame and madness. I rushed upon the deck, we were then within a quarter of a mile from the shore—I plunged overboard—I swam to the beach—I reached it."

I became interested in the narrative of the Squire, and I begged he would continue it with less rapidity. "Rapidity," said he, fixing upon me a glance in which I thought there was something like disdain, "youngster, if you cast a feather into the stream it will be borne on with it. But," added he, in "a less hurried tone, after pausing to breathe for a few moments, "after struggling with the strong surge for a good half-hour, I reached the shore. My utmost strength was spent, and I was scarcely able to drag myself a dozen yards beyond tide mark, when I sank exhausted on the beach. I lay as though in sleep, until night had gathered round me; and when I arose, cold and benumbed, my delirium had passed away. My bosom, however, like a galley manned with criminals, was still the prison-house of agonizing feelings, each more unruly than another. Every scene in which I had borne a part during the day rushed before me in a moment—her image—the image of my Jess, mingled with each; I hated existence—I almost despised myself; but tears started from my eyes—the suffocation in my breast passed away, and I again breathed freely. I will not trouble you with details. I will pass over the next five years of my life, during which I was man-of-war's man, privateer, and smuggler. But I will tell you how I became a smuggler, for that calling I only followed for a week, and that was from necessity; but as you shall hear it well nigh cost me my life. Britain had just launched into war with France, and I was first mate of a small privateer, carrying two guns and a long Tom. We were trying our fortune within six leagues of the Dutch coast, when two French merchantmen hove in sight. They were too heavy metal for us, and we saw that it would be

necessary to deal with them warily. So hoisting the Republican flag, we bore down upon them; but the Frenchmen were not to be had; and no sooner had we come within gun shot, than one of them saluted our little craft with a broadside that made her dance in the water. It was evident there was no chance for us but at close quarters. 'Cookson,' says our commander to me, 'what's to be done my lad?' 'Leave the privateer,' says I. 'What!' says he, 'take the long boat and run, without singeing a Frenchman's whiskers—no, blow me,' says he. 'No, sir,' says I, 'board them—give them a touch of the cold steel.' 'Right, Ben, my boy,' says he; 'helm about there—look to your cutlasses, my hearties—and now for the Frenchman's deck, and French wine to supper.' The next moment we had tacked about, and were under the Frenchman's bow. In turning round, long Tom had been discharged, and clipped the rigging of the other vessel beautifully. The commander, myself, and a dozen more sprang upon the enemy's deck, cutlass in hand. Our reception was as warm as powder and steel could make it—the Frenchmen fought like devils, and disputed with us every inch of the deck hand to hand. But, d'ye see, we beat them aft, though their numbers were two to one; yet, as bad luck would have it, out of the twelve of us who had boarded her, only seven were now able to handle a cutlass; and amongst those who lay dying on the enemy's deck, was our gallant commander. He was a noble fellow, sir—a regular fire-eater, even in death. Bleeding, dying as he was, he endeavoured to drag his body along the deck to assist us—and when, finding it would not do, and he could move no further, he drew a pistol from his belt, and raising himself on one hand, he discharged it at the head of the French captain with the other, and shouted out, 'Go it, my hearties! Ben, never yield!' his head fell upon the deck, and 'he died like a true British sailor.' But, sir, the other vessel that had been crippled, at that moment made alongside. Her crew also boarded to assist their countrymen, and we were attacked fore and aft. There

was nothing now left for us but to cut our way to the privateer, which had been brought round to the other side of the vessel we had boarded. She had been left to the care of the second mate and six seamen; but the traitor, seeing our commander fall, and the hopelessness of our success, cut the lashings and bore off, leaving us to our fate on the deck of the enemy. Our numbers were now reduced to five, and we were hemmed in on all sides, but we fought like tigers braved of their cubs. We placed ourselves heel to heel, we formed a little circle of death. I know not whether it was admiration of our courage, or the cowardice of the enemy, that induced them to proclaim a truce, and to offer us a boat, oars, and provisions and to depart with our arms. We agreed to their proposal, after fighting an hour upon their deck. And here begins my short but eventful history as a smuggler. We had been six hours at sea in the open boat, when we were picked up by a smuggling lugger named the "Wildfire." Her captain was an Englishman, and her cargo, which consisted of brandy and Hollands, was to be delivered at Spittal and Boomer. It was about daybreak on the third morning after we had been picked up; we were again within sight of the Coquet Isle. I had not seen it for five years. It called up a thousand recollections—I became entranced in the past. My Jess seemed again on my neck—I again though I felt her breathe upon my cheek—and again involuntarily I exclaimed aloud, 'She shall be mine.' But I was aroused from my reverie by a cry, 'A cruiser—a cutter ahead!' In moment the deck of the lugger became a scene of consternation. The cutter was making upon us rapidly; and though the "Wildfire" sailed nobly, her pursuer skimmed over the sea like a swallow. The skipper of the lugger seemed to become insane as the danger increased. He ordered every gun to be loaded, and a six-oared gig to be got in readiness. The cutter fired on us, the "Wildfire" returned the salute, and three of the cutter's men fell. A few more shots were exchanged, and the lugger was disabled; her skipper and the

Englishmen of his crew took the gig and made for the shore. In a few minutes more we were boarded by the commander of the cutter and part of her crew. I knew the commanders face; his countenance—his name—were engraved as with a sharp instrument on my heart. His name was Melton—the Honourable Lieutenant Melton—my enemy—the man I hated—the titled puppy of whom I spoke—my rival for the hand of my Jess. He approached me—he knew me as I did him—we lost no love between us—I heard his teeth grate as he fixed his eye on me, and mine echoed to the sound.

‘Slave!—scoundrel!’ were his first words; ‘we have met again at last, and your life shall pay the forfeit—place him in irons.’ ‘Coward!’ I hurled in his teeth a second time, and my hand grasped my cutlass, which in a moment flashed in the air. His armed crew sprang between us—I defied them all—he grew bold under their protection. ‘Strike him down!’ he exclaimed, and springing forward, his sword entered my side—but scarce had it withdrawn ere his blood streamed from the point of my cutlass to my hand. Suffice it to say I was overpowered and disarmed—I was taken on board his cutter and put in irons. And now, sir,” continued the Squire, raising his voice, for the subject seemed to wound him, “know that you are in the company of a man condemned to die—yes, sir, to die like a common murderer on the gallows. You start—but it is true; and if you like not the company of a man for whom the hangman once provided a neckerchief, I will drop my story.” I requested him to proceed. “Well, sir,” continued he, “I was lodged in prison. I was accused of being a smuggler, of having drawn my sword against one of his Majesty’s officers, of having wounded him. On the testimony of my enemy and his crew, I was tried and condemned—condemned to die without hope of pardon. I had but a day to live when a lady entered my miserable cell. She came to comfort the criminal, to administer consolation in his last hour. I was in no mood to listen to the admonitions of the female Samaritan, and I was about to bid her

depart from me. Her face was veiled, and in the dim twilight of my dungeon I saw it not. But she spoke, and her voice went through my soul like the remembrance of a national air which we have sung in childhood, and hear it in a foreign land. 'Lady!' I exclaimed, 'what fiend hath sent thee? Come ye to ask me to forgive my murderer?—if you command it I will.' 'I would ask you to forgive your enemies,' replied she, mildly; 'but not for my sake.' 'Yet it can only be for your sake,' said I; 'but tell me, lady, are you the wife of the man who has pursued me to death?' 'No—not his wife.' 'But you will be?' cried I, hastily; 'and you love him—tell me, do you not love him?' She sighed—she burst into tears. 'Unhappy man,' she returned, 'what know you of me that you torment me with questions that torture me?' I thrust forth my fettered hands—I grasped hers. 'Tell me, lady, I exclaimed, before my soul can receive the words of repentance which you come to preach—tell me—do you love him?' 'No,' she pronounced emphatically, and her whole frame shook. 'Thank God!' I cried, and clasped my fettered hands together. 'Forgive me, lady, forgive me. Do you know me—I am Ben— orphan Ben—the boy who saved you.' She screamed aloud—she fell upon my bosom, and my chained arm once more circled the neck of my Jess.

"Yes, sir, it was my own Jess, who, without being conscious who I was, had come to visit the doomed one in his miserable cell, to prepare him for death, by pointing out the necessity of repentance and the way to heaven. I need not tell you that the moment my name was told she forgot her mission; and as, with fettered arms, I held her to my breast, and felt her burning tears drop upon my cheek, I forgot imprisonment, I forgot death, my very dungeon became a heaven that I would not have exchanged for a throne—for, oh, as her tears fell, and her heaving bosom throbbed upon my heart, each throb told me that Jess loved the persecuted orphan—the boy who had saved her. I cannot tell you what a trance is; but as I clung round her

neck, and her arms encircled mine, I felt as if my very soul would have burst from my body in ecstasy. She was soon convinced that I was no criminal—that I had been guilty of no actual crime—that I was innocent and doomed to die. ‘No, no, you shall not die,’ sobbed my heroic girl, ‘hope, hope, hope—the man who saved me shall not die.’ She hurried to the door of my cell—it was opened by the keeper, and she left me, exclaiming, ‘Hope, hope.’ On that day his then Majesty, George III., was to prorogue Parliament in person. He was returning from the house of Lords; crowds were following the royal procession, and thousands of spectators lined Parliameut Street, some showing their loyalty by shouts and the waving of hats and of handkerchiefs, and others manifesting their discontent in sullen silence, or half suppressed murmurs. In the midst of the multitude, and opposite Whitehall, stood a private carriage, the door of which was open, and out of it, as the royal retinue approached, issued a female, and with a paper in her hand, knelt before the window of his Majesty’s carriage, clasping her hands together as she knelt, and crying, ‘Look upon me, sire——!’ ‘Stop! stop!’ said the King, ‘coachman stop!—what, a lady kneeling, eh, eh? A young lady, too—poor thing, poor thing—give me the paper.’ His Majesty glanced at it—he desired her to follow him to St. James’s. I need not dwell upon particulars; that very night my Jess returned to my prison with my pardon in her hand, and I left its gloomy walls with her arm locked in mine. And now you may think that I was the happiest dog alive; that I had nothing more to do but to ask and obtain the hand of my Jess; but you are wrong; and I will go over the rest of my life as briefly as I can. No sooner did her father become acquainted with what she had done than he threatened to disinherit her, and he removed her I knew not where. I became first desperate, then gloomy, and eventually sank into lassitude. Even the sea, which I had loved from my first thought lost its charms for me. I fancied that money only stood between me and happiness, and I saw no pros-

pect of making the sum I thought necessary at sea. While in the privateer service, I had saved about two hundred pounds prize money. With this sum as a foundation, I determined to try my fortune on shore. I embarked in many schemes; in some I was partially successful—but I persevered in none. It was the curse of my life that I had no settled plan—I wanted method; and let me tell you, sir, that the want of systematic plan, the want of method, has ruined many a wise man. It was my ruin. From this cause, though I neither drank nor gamed, nor seemed more foolish than my neighbours, my money wasted like a snowball in the sun. Though I say it myself, I was not an ignorant man—for considering my opportunities I had read much, and I had as much wordly wisdom as most of people. In short I was an excellent framer of plans at night; but I wanted decision and activity to put them into execution in the morning. I had also a dash of false pride and generosity in my composition, and did actions without considering the consequences, by which I was continually bringing myself into difficulties. This system, or rather this want of system, quickly stripped me of my last shilling, and left me the world's debtor into the bargain. Then, sir, I gnashed my teeth together, I clenched my fist, I could have cut the throat of my own conscience, had it been a thing of flesh and blood, for spitting my thoughtlessness and folly in my teeth. I took no oath—but I resolved firmly, resolutely, deeply resolved, to be wise for the future; and let me tell you my good fellow, such a resolution is worth twenty hasty oaths. I sold my watch, the only piece of property worth twenty shillings that I had left, and with the money it produced in my pocket, I set out for Liverpool. That town or city, or whatever you have a mind to call it, was not then what it is now. I was strolling along by the Duke's little Dock, and saw a schooner of about a hundred and sixty tons burden. Her masts lay well back, and I observed her decks were double laid. I saw her character in a moment. I went on board—I inquired of the commander if he would ship a hand. He

gave me a knowing look, and inquired if ever I had been in the trade before. I mentioned my name and the ship in which I had last served. 'The deuce you are,' he said; 'what! you Cookson!—ship you, ay, and a hundred like you if I could get them.' I need hardly tell you the vessel was a privateer. Within three days the schooner left the Mersey, and I had the good fortune to be shipped as mate. For two years we boxed about the Mediterræan, and I had cleared, as my share of prize-money, nearly a thousand pounds. At that period, our skipper thinking he had made enough, resigned the command in favour of me. My first cruise was so successful that I was enabled to purchase a privateer of my own, which I named the "Jess." For, d'ye see, her idea was like a never waning moonlight in my brain—her emphatic words, 'Hope, hope, hope,' whispered eternally in my breast, and I did hope. Sleeping or waking, on sea or on shore, a day never passed but the image of my Jess arose on my sight, smiling and saying 'Hope.' In four years more I had cleared ten thousand pounds, and I sold the schooner for another thousand. I now thought myself a match for Jess, and resolved to go to the old man—her father, I mean—and offer to take her without a shilling. Well I had sold my craft at Plymouth, and before proceeding to the north, was stopping a few days in a small town in the south-west of England, to breathe the land air—for my face, you see, had become a little rough by constant exposure to the weather. Well, sir, the windows of my lodging faced the jail, and for three days I observed the handsomest figure that ever graced a woman, enter the prison at meal-times. It was the very figure—the very gait of my Jess—only her appearance was not genteel enough. But I had never seen her face. On the fourth day I got a glimpse of it. Powers of earth! it was her—it was my Jess. I rushed down stairs like a madman—I flew to the prison-door and knocked. The jailer opened it. I eagerly inquired who the young lady was that had just entered. He abruptly replied: 'The daughter of a debtor.' 'Foi

Heaven's sake,' I returned, 'let me speak with them.' He refused. I pushed a guinea into his hand, and he led me to the debtor's room. And there, sir, there stood my Jess—my saviour—my angel—there she stood, administering to the wants of her grey-haired father. I won't, because I can't, describe to you the tragedy scene that ensued. The old man had lost all that he possessed in the world; his thousands had taken wings and flown away, and he was now pining in jail for fifty; and his daughter, my noble Jess, supported him by the labours of her needle. I paid the debt before I left the prison, and out I came, with Jess upon one arm, and the old man on the other. We were married within a month. I went to sea again; but I will pass over that; and when the peace was made we came down here to Northumberland, and purchased a bit of ground and a snug cabin, about five miles from this, and there six little Cooksons are romping about, and calling my Jess their mother, and none of them orphans, like their father, thank Heaven. And now, sir, you have heard the narrative of Squire Ben, what do you think of it.?"



TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

It was in the autumn of 1825 that a stranger was wandering by the side of the silver lakes and over the majestic mountains of romantic Cumberland. He was near the side of Blue Keswick, and the light wind was scattering, in showers, the death-touched leaves upon the bright waters. Suddenly, the face of the lake became troubled, and dark ripples rose upon its bosom, as if the chained spirit of a storm struggled thereon to be free, and moved them. A louder rustling and a sound of agitation was heard among the trees, as though it were there also. Thick clouds gathered before the face of the sun, and darkness like an angel's wrath, rolled along the brow of the mighty Skiddaw. In a few moments the thunder was heard bursting from the mountain sides, and its echoes reverbed, as the groaning of the great hills, through the glens—thunder, lighting, and tempest gathered round, and burst over the stranger. The cattle crowded together upon the hills, and the birds of heaven sought shelter in the woods. The stranger also looked around for a place of refuge.

Before him, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile, lay a sequestered and beautiful villa—round which mountain, wood, and water, and craggy cliff were gathered—with a slooping lawn before it. It was a spot which the genius of romance might have made its habitation. The mansion was in keeping with the scenery, and towards it the stranger repaired for shelter.

He was requesting permission of a servant of the household, to be sheltered until the storm past over,

when the occupier of the mansion came himself to the door, and with the frankness of an old friend held out his hand, saying: "Come in—thou art welcome. At such a time the birds of heaven seek shelter, and find it in the thick branches of the woods; and surely man has a right to expect refuge in the habitations of his fellow-men. Follow me, friend, and rest here until the storm be past."

The stranger bowed, thanked him, and followed him; but ere they had sat down, the owner of the mansion again addressed his visitant, saying: "The inhabitants of the East ask no questions of strangers until they have given them water to wash their feet, and a change of garments if required. I know no excuse which the people of the West can offer why they should be less hospitable. I perceive that thy apparel is already drenched; therefore, my servant will provide thee with a change of raiment. Go, do as I request, that no harm overtake thee; and in the meantime I will order refreshment, after which thou and I shall converse together."

There was a kindness in the manner, and an expression of benevolence in the aspect of the entertainer, which at once gratified and interested the stranger. The latter appeared about forty; but his hospitable entertainer was at least threescore. Care had engraven some wrinkles upon his brow, and the "silverings" of age were beginning to mingle thickly with his once brown hair; but his ruddy and open countenance spoke of the generosity of his disposition, and the health of his constitution.

When the stranger had put on dry raiment and partaken of food, his host ordered liquors to be brought; and when they were placed upon the table, he again addressed his guest, and said: "Here, sir, thou hast claret, port, and sherry—my cellar affords no other wines. Therefore take thy choice. Be merry and wise; but, above all—be at home. The wayfaring man, and the man whom a storm drives into our house among the mountains, should need no second invitation. With

me he is welcome to what so ever is set before him. Therefore use no ceremony, but consult thine own taste, For myself, I am no wine drinker. Its coldness agrees not with my stomach, and I prefer the distillation of our northern hills to the juice of the grapes of the sunny south. Therefore, friend, while I brew my punch help thyself to whatsoever best pleaseth thee."

The stranger again thanked him, and having something of nationality about him, preferred joining him in a bowl prepared from the "mountain dew." They quickly discovered that they were what the world calls "kindred spirits," and before an hour had passed, the stranger told whence he came, and where he had been, and what his intentions in visiting that part of the country were; but his name, he said, he did not intend to divulge to any one for a time. He might make it known in a few days, should he remain in the neighborhood, and perhaps he never would.

"Well," said his host, "thou hast told me a considerable part of thy history, but thou hast withheld thy name: I will tell the all mine, but to be even with thee, thou shalt not know my name either (provided thou dost not know it already), beyond that my Christian name is Robert."

"I am," continued he, "the first born of a numerous family, and am twenty-four years older than the young of my parent's children. My father was what is called a 'statesman' in this part of the country; by which you are not to understand that he was in any way connected with politics, or had any part in governing the affairs of the nation, but simply that he was the possessor of an estate containing some eighty acres, and which had descended to him from his ancestors, unimpaired and unencumbered. He was a kind husband and an indulgent father; but he was provident as neither. A better-hearted man never breathed. He was generous even to the committing of a crime against his own family; and the misfortune, the error—I might say curse of his life—was that he never knew the value of a shilling. It has been said that I possess my father's failing in this

respect; but through his example at all times as a warning before me, I have been enabled to regulate it and keep it within controllable limits. You have often heard it said, 'Take care of the shillings, and the pounds will take care of themselves;' but this will not hold good in every instance—as was the case with my father. He appeared to be one of those who did not stop to consider the value between a pound and a shilling. He was naturally a man of strong intellect and a sound judgment; but his impulses were stronger still. He was a being of impulses. They hurried him away, and he stopped not to consult with calmer reason. With him to feel was to act. He generally saw and repented his error before another had an opportunity of telling him of it, but not before it was too late; and these self-made discoveries never prevented him from falling into the same errors again. In the kindness of his own heart he took all mankind to be good; he believed them to be better than they really were; or rather he believed no man to be a bad man until he had found him to be so. Now, sir, when I say that in this respect my father exercised too much both of faith and charity, thou must not think that I am shut up here like a cynic in this mountain solitude, to inflict upon every passenger my railings against his race. On the contrary, I have seen much of the world, and experienced much of its buffetings, of its storms, its calms, and its sunshine; I have also seen much of men; and I have seldom, I would almost say, I have never, met with one who had no redeeming quality. But, sir, I have seen and felt enough to trust no man far until I have proved him. Yet my father was many times deceived; and he trusted again; and—if not the same parties, others under the same circumstances. He could not pass a beggar on the highway without relieving him; and where he saw or heard that distress or misery existed, it was enough for him—he never inquired into the cause.

He was bringing up his family, not certainly in affluence, but in respectability; but his unthinking

generosity, his open hand, and his open-heartedness were frequently bringing him into trouble. One instance I will relate : it took place when I was a lad of eighteen. There resided in our neighbourhood an extensive manufacturer, who employed many people, and who was reputed to be very rich. He was also a man of ostentatious piety ; and young as I then was, his dragging forward religion in every conversation, and upon all occasions, led me to doubt whether he really had anything of religion in his heart. There were many also, who disputed his wealth. But my father and he were as brothers. We perceived that he had gained an ascendancy over him in all things ; and often did my mother remonstrate with him for being, as she said, led by a stranger, and caution him against what might be the consequences. For I ought to tell you that the manufacturer had been but a few years in Cumberland, and no one knew his previous history. But my father would not hear the whisper of suspicion breathed against him.

My mother was a native of Dumfriesshire ; her ancestors had taken a distinguished part in the wars of the Covenant, and one evening I was reading to her from her favourite volume, "The Lives of the Scots Worthies," when my father entered, and sat down in a corner of the room in silence, and evidently in deep sorrow. He leaned his brow upon his hand, and his spirit seemed troubled.

"William," said my mother, addressing him, "why do ye sit there ? What has happened ? There is something putting ye about."

He returned no answer to her enquiries ; and approaching him, and taking his hand in hers, she added, "Oh, there is something the matter, or ye would never sit in that way, and have such a look. Are ye weel enough, William—or what is it ?"

"Nothing, nothing," said he. But the very manner in which he said it, and the trembling and quavering of his voice, were equivalent to saying, "Something, something,"

"Oh, dinna say to me, nothing," said she; "for there is something, and that is evident, or ye would never sit as ye are doing."

He struck his clenched hands upon his brow, and exclaimed, "Do not torment me, do not add to my misery."

"William, William," cried my mother, "there is something wrong, and why will ye hide it from me? Have I been your wife for twenty years, and ye say I torment ye now by my anxiety for your welfare? O William, I am certain I didna deserve this treatment from you, neither did I think that ye were capable of acting in such a manner. What is it that is troubling ye?"

"Nancy," he cried, in the vehemence of despair, "I have ruined you—I have ruined my family. I have ruined my earthly comfort, my peace of mind, and my own soul."

"Oh, dinna talk in that way, William," she cried; "I ken now that something serious has happened; but, oh, whatever it be, let us bear it like Christians, and remember that we are Christians. What is it, William? Ye may confide in your wife now?"

"Nancy," said he, "I never was worthy of such a wife. But neither look on me, nor speak to me with kindness. I have brought you to beggary. I have brought my family to beggary—and I have brought myself to everlasting misery and despair."

"Oh, my dear," said she, "dinna talk in such a heathenlike manner. If it be the case that we have lost all that we had, there is no help for it now; but I trust, and am assured, that ye will not have lost it in such a way as to make your family hang their head among folk, in remembrance of their father's transaction. I am certain, already, that it is your foolish disposition to be everybody's friend, that has brought this upon ye. A thousand times have I warned ye of what, some day or other, would be the upshot; but ye would take no admonition from me."

"Oh," added he, "I have misery enough, and more than enough, without your aggravating it by your dagger-drawing reflections."

He sat groaning throughout the night, with his hand upon his brow; but the real cause of his misery he would not explain, farther than that he had brought himself and his family to ruin. But, with surprise, the tale of our undoing was on every tongue; and all its particulars, and more than all, were not long in being conveyed to us. For a tale of distress hath the power of taking unto itself wings, and every wind of heaven will echo it, let it come whence it may. I beheld, and I heard my mother doomed to hear the doleful congratulations of her friends—the prompt expression of their sympathy for her calamities. It was the first time, and it was the last, that many of them every felt for human woe. But there are people in this world who delight to go abroad with the tidings of tribulation on their tongue, and whose chief pleasure is to act the part of Job's comforters, or I might say of his messengers.

We learned that my father's bosom friend, the professedly wealthy and pious manufacturer, had been declared a bankrupt, and that my father had become liable on his account to the amount of two thousand pounds. His unguided generosity had previously compelled him to mortgage his property, and the calamity swallowed it up. Never will I forget the calmness, I might call it the philosophy, with which my mother received the tidings.

"I am glad," said she to the individual who first communicated to her the tidings, "that my children will have no cause to blush for their father's misfortunes; and I would rather endure the privations which those misfortunes may bring upon us, than feel the pangs of his conscience who has brought them upon his friend."

My father sank into a state of despondency, from which it required all our efforts to arouse him; and his despondency increased when it was necessary that the money for which he became liable should be paid. The estate, which had been in possession of his ancestors

for a hundred and fifty years, it became necessary to sell; and when it was sold, not only to the last acre, but even to our household furniture, it did not bring a sum sufficient to discharge the liabilities which he had incurred. Well do I remember the soul-harrowing day on which the sale took place. My father went out into the fields, and in a small plantation, which before sunset was no longer to be his, sat down and wept. Even my mother, who hitherto had borne our trials with more than mere fortitude, sat down in a corner of the house, upon the humblest chair that was in it, and which she perhaps thought they would not sell, or that it would not be worth their selling, and there, with an infant child at her bosom, she rocked her head in misery, and her secret tears bedewed the cheeks of her babe.

That night my father, my mother, and their children sought refuge in a miserable garret in Carlisle. I, as I have already said, was the eldest, and perhaps the change in their circumstances affected me most deeply, and by me was most keenly felt.

Through yielding to the influence of feelings that were too susceptible, my father beheld his family suddenly plunged in destitution. It was a sad sight to behold my brothers, and my sisters, who had ever been used to plenty, crying around him, and around my mother, for bread to eat, when they were without credit, and their last coin was expended. My father did not show the extreme agony of his spirit before his children, but he could not conceal that it lay like a cankerworm in his breast, preying upon his vitals. His strength withered away like a leaf in autumn; and what went most deeply to my mother's heart was, that he seemed as if ashamed to look his family in the face; and he appeared even as one who had committed a crime which he was anxious to conceal.

My mother, however, was a woman amongst ten thousand. Never did the slightest murmur escape her lips to upbraid my father for what he had brought upon us; but on the contrary, she daily, hourly, strove

to cheer him, and to render him happy—to make him forget the past. But it was a vain task; misery haunted him by night and by day; there was despair in his very smile, and the teeth of self-reproach entered his soul. He was a man who had received more than what is called a common education; and a gentleman who had been his schoolfellow, and known him from his childhood, and who resided much abroad, appointed him to be his land steward. The emoluments of the office were not great, but they were sufficient to keep his family from want.

Under the circumstances in which they were now placed, I was too old to remain longer as a burden upon my parents. I therefore bade them a fond, a heart-rending farewell; and, with less than four pounds in my pocket, took my passage from Whitehaven to Liverpool, from whence I was to proceed by land to London. Liverpool was then only beginning to emerge into its present commercial magnitude; and I carried with me letters to two merchants there, the one residing in Poole Lane, the other in Dale Street. Both received me civilly, and both asked me “What I could do?” It was a question which I believe had never occurred to me before, nor even to my father, up to the period of my shaking hands with him and bidding him farewell. I hesitated for a few seconds, and I believe that upon both occasions I stammered out the word—anything.

“You can do anything, can you?” said the first merchant, sarcastically; “then you are a great deal too clever for me; and I suspect the situation of a servant of all work will suit you better than that of a clerk in a counting-house. Pray are you acquainted with keeping books?”

I replied that I was not.

“Then,” added he, “though you can do anything, that is one thing which I find you cannot do; and as it is the only thing that would be of any service to me, I shall not be able to avail myself of your otherwise universal attainments.”

The cold, the sarcastic manner of this gentleman

made my very blood freeze within my veins; a cold shivering (I might call it the mantle of despair) came over me and my heart failed within me. I, however, proceeded to Dale Street, and delivered my letters to the other gentleman. He, as I have already intimated to you, inquired of me what I could do. And to him, also, my unfortunate answer was anything. He smiled, but there was a kindness in his smile, and he good humouredly asked me what I meant by anything. I was as much at a loss to answer him as I had been to answer the merchant I had left.

"Have you ever been in a merchant's office?" he inquired, "or had any practice as an accountant?"

"No," I replied.

"Then," added he, I fear it will be difficult to find anything in Liverpool to answer your expectations, and I would not recommend you to waste time in it. If I could have promoted your views, I would have done so most cheerfully; but, as I cannot, here are three guineas—for from the manner in which my friend speaks of you in this letter, I believe you to be a deserving youth—they will help you onward in your journey, and in London you will meet with many chances of obtaining a situation that you cannot find in Liverpool."

I burst into tears as he spoke and put the money in my hands. The kindness of the merchant had affected me more than the chilling irony of the other. The one roused my indignation, the other melted my heart. But I was indebted to both; for both had given me a lesson of what the world was, and both had rendered me more sensible of the dependence and hopelessness of my situation.

In order to husband my resources, I proceed to London on foot, and when I arrived there, I found myself to be like a bird in a wilderness, or a helmless vessel on a dark sea. The magnitude of the city, its busy thousands, its groaning warehouses, where the treasures and luxuries of every corner of the globe are piled together, the splendour of its shops, the magnifi-

cence of its squares, and the lordly equipages which glittered in the midst of them, moved me not. They scarcely excited my observation. My soul was filled with thoughts of my own prospects; and I wandered, dreaming, from street to street, moving at a pace as though I had been sauntering by the side of one of my native lakes, and I appeared as the only individual in the great city who had no aim, and no urgent business which required me to move rapidly, as others did. I delivered all the letters that I brought with me, and I was again asked, as I had been in Liverpool,—what I could do? But I did not as I did there, reply anything. I, however, was puzzled how to answer the question. The truth was, I was utterly ignorant of business. I had been brought up amongst those mountains with merely a knowledge that there was such a thing. In fact, my ideas of it hardly extended beyond giving out goods with one hand, and receiving money for them in the other. The word commerce was to me as a phrase in a dead language. I had fancied to myself that the sea was a great lake, over the whole expanse of which I should be able to gaze at once, and see the four quarters of the globe around it; and my ideas of what ships were, were gathered from the boats which I had seen upon Keswick. On the day on which I left my parents' roof, I heard my old schoolmaster console them with the assurance, that "there was no fear of me, for I was fit for anything." While such testimony, from his lips, comforted them, it cheered me also, and it caused me to look upon myself as a youth of high promise, and of yet higher expectations. But now, when I was left to myself, with all my talents and acquirements ready to be disposed of in any market, I found that my general qualifications, my fitness for anything, amounted to be qualified for nothing, when reduced to particulars. Days, weeks, months passed away, and I was still a wanderer upon the streets of the modern Babylon.

At length, when ready to lie down and die from hunger and from helplessness, I obtained a situation as

copying-clerk to a solicitor, at a salary of ten shillings a week. In such a city as London, and where it was necessary to keep up a respectable appearance, this sum might be considered as inadequate to my wants. But it was not so. During the first ten weeks, I transmitted two pounds to my parents, to assist them. I always kept the proverb before my memory, that "a penny saved is a penny gained;" and I never took one from my pocket until I had considered whether or not it was absolutely necessary to spend it. My food was of the simplest kind; and finding that I could not afford the expense of an eating-house, it consisted of a half-quartern loaf in the twenty-four hours, the one half of which was ate in the morning, the other in the evening. I "kitchened" my loaf, as they say in Scotland, with a pennyworth of butter, and occasionally with lettuce or a few radishes in their season; and the beverage with which I regaled myself, after my meals was a glass of water from the nearest pump.

Upon this diet I became stouter, and was more healthy for the time, than ever I had been before; though I believe I have suffered for it since. It was my duty to lock up the office or chambers, as they were called, at night, and to open them in the morning. I had not been many days in my situation, when the thought struck me, that by locking myself within the chambers at night, instead of locking myself out, I might save the expense of a lodging. Again I said to myself that "a penny saved was a penny gained," and four chairs in the chamber became my couch, while the money which I would have given for a lodging was transmitted to my parents.

I had not been many months in this situation, when it was my fortune to render what he considered a service to a rich merchant in the city, who was a client to my employers. He made enquiry of me respecting the amount of my salary, and concerning my home and relatives. I found that he was from Westmoreland, and he offered me a situation in his counting-house, with a salary of eighty pounds a year. My heart sprang

in joy and in gratitude to my throat at his proposal. I seized his hand as though he had been my brother. I pressed it to my breast. A tear ran down my cheek and fell upon it. Even while I held his hand, I fancied to myself that I beheld my parents and their children again sitting beneath the sunshine of independence, and blessing their first-born, who was "fit for anything."

I entered upon my new situation, and upon my income of eighty pounds a year, in a few days, and received a quarters salary in advance. I well knew that my father was still oppressed by liabilities, which he was endeavouring to discharge out of the forty pounds a year, which he received for his stewardship. I knew, and I felt also, that let a son do for a parent what he will, he can never repay a parent's love and a parent's cares. Who could repay a mother for her unceasing and anxious watchings over us in the helplessness of infancy, or a father in providing for all our wants, in teaching us to know good from evil? I fancied that thirty pounds a year was enough, and more than enough, for all my wants, and I dwelt with fondness on the thought of remitting them fifty pounds out of my annual salary. Previous to entering the counting-house of the merchant, my delight at the pleasing anticipations before me robbed me of sleep, and for the first time caused me to feel the hardness of my bed upon the chairs of the solicitor's chamber.

However, with a heart overflowing with joy, I entered upon my mercantile avocations. Then, as I bustled along the streets, I felt within my heart as though in all London there was none greater than I; I was independent as the Lord Mayor—as happy as his Majesty. But there was one thing, a small matter which I forgot—it was the proverb which I have twice quoted, that a penny saved is a penny gained." On leaving my occupation as a copying-clerk. I almost unconsciously left also my cheap and humble diet. My fellow-clerks in the merchants counting-house dined every day at a chop-house in Milk Street, and they requested me to join them. I had no longer an opportunity of eating

my half loaf in secret, and I accompanied them. Each of us had generally a chop, for which we paid eightpence; a fried sole for which we were charged a shilling; with a glass of porter during dinner, and a go of gin, as it was called, and sometimes two, afterwards. I did not wish to be singular, neither did I see how I could avoid doing as others did; and, moreover, I reasoned that with eighty pounds a year I was justified in living comfortably. But this was not all. My associates were in the habit of having their crust and cheese, and their glass of porter, in the forenoons; and I had to join them in this also. And this, too, ran away with pence which might have been saved. But I had not been long amongst them when I found they had also evening clubs, where they met to enjoy a pipe and a glass, and hear the news of the day. Unless I joined one of these clubs, I found that I would be considered as—nobody. I accompanied a comrade to one of them, and as the glass, the song, and the merry jest went round, I was as a person ushered into a new world, delighted with all I saw. I became a nightly attender of the club; and although I never indulged to excess, I had completely forgotten the proverb which enabled me to assist my parents when I had but ten shillings a week, and therefore it forgot me.

My landlady also informed me, that it was the rule of her establishment for her lodgers to breakfast in the house, and with this proposal, also, I deemed it necessary to comply. I had begun to yield to circumstances, and when, in such a case, the head is once bent, the whole body imperceptibly becomes prostrate.

But twelve months passed away, and instead of fifty pounds being sent to my parents, I found my entire eighty not only expended, but that I was ten pounds in debt. I called myself a fool, a madman, and many other names; for conscience burned within my bosom, and the glow of shame upon my cheek. But it was fruitless; a habit had been formed, and that habit was my master. I had involuntarily become its slave, and wanted resolution to become its master.

On entering on my second year, my employer, who still retained a favourable opinion of me, increased my salary to a hundred a year. But even when it had expired, instead of having assisted my parents, I still found myself in debt. I had left my twenty pounds of additional salary to take care of themselves, and at the same time I had forgotten to take care not only of the shillings which composed them, but of the pence which made up my whole income. I forgot that a hundred pounds quickly disappears in a free hand and leaves its owner wondering whither it has gone. At this period, the letters which I received from my parents sometimes indirectly hinted at the privations which they were enduring; but they never requested or seemed to expect assistance from me. The consciousness of their circumstances, however, stung me to the soul; but it did not reclaim me, or turn me from the dark sea of thoughtless expenditure on which I had embarked. I experienced that a slight thread is sufficient to lead a man to temptation, but in requireth a strong cord and a strong hand to drag him again to repentance.

I seldom laid my head upon my pillow but I resolved that on the following day I would reform my course of life and again practise economy. But, alas! I "resolved and re-resolved," and lived the same. At this period, however, my own conscience was my only accuser and tormentor. For although in a country town my habit of spending every evening with a club at a tavern, might have been registered against me as a vice, in London it did not militate, and was neither noted nor regarded. I was punctual in my attendance at the counting-house—always clean, and rather particular in my person; and I must say, that I do not know a town on the face of the habitable globe, where the certificate of dandyism, or of something approaching to it, will be of greater service to a young man than in London. It has struck me a hundred times, that the two chief recommendations for obtaining a situation there, are dress and address. I was not exactly what could be called a good-natured person, but there was a free-and-

easy something about my disposition which rendered me a favorite with my fellow-clerks. I also was pleased with their society, and it was seldom that I could resist the temptation of accompanying them wheresoever they went, when solicited, and which was in general to all their partise of pleasure. When I said to myself, in the language of Burns, "Come go to, I will be wise," and began to practise retrenchment in one item of my expenditure, I heedlessly plunged into other sources equally extravagant. For my own maxim, which had proved a friend to me on my first coming to London, was completely forgotten; and I neither thought of saving a penny or taking care of a shilling. Indeed, so far had I forgotten these maxims, that on many occasions I reasoned with myself saying, "Oh, it is only a shilling or two—there's nothing in that. I will go, or I will do it." But I forgot the sum to which that only, repeated three hundred and odd times in the year, amounted. In short, I had fallen into a habit which would have prevented me, had my salary been a thousand a year, from being either richer or happier than I was when I had but ten shillings a week.

I, however, retained the good opinion of my employer; and in the third year of my engagement with him, I was sent as supercargo with a vessel to South America. It was to be a trading voyage, and the appointment conferred upon me was an honour which caused me to be envied by the other clerks in the counting-house. Some of my seniors sneered at my inexperience, and said that I would bring home a "precious cargo, and a profitable account of my transactions." Those who were nearer my own age saw nothing in me that I should have been chosen by our employer, and they agreed that he had preferred me merely because I was was a Border man like himself. In truth, I wondered at his choice myself; for I was conscious of but few qualifications for the task imposed on me, and although three years before, I was thought, and considered myself—"fit for anything."

It was understood that our voyage would occupy

between two and three years; and in order that I might provide myself with everything necessary for my lengthened travels on the sea, and my dealings on shore, my employer placed in my hands two hundred and fifty pounds, independent of letters of credit to foreign merchants in various ports in which I was to transact business.

But, on the very day on which I received the two hundred and fifty pounds, and about five days before I was to leave England, I received a letter from my father to the following import:

“MY DEAR SON,—It pains me to be the bearer to you of evil tidings, and the more so as I know that they can only grieve you, and that it is not in your power to remove their cause. Yet it is meet that you should know of them. You knew, and you felt the effects of the misfortunes which a few years ago overwhelmed me; but you knew not their extent. They still weigh me to the earth—they blast my prospects, and render powerless my energies. Yet there is no one whom I can accuse for my misfortunes; they, and the distresses of my family, are the work of my own hands. To-morrow I will be the inmate of a prison for a debt of two hundred pounds which still hangs over me. Your poor mother, and your brothers and sisters, will be left with no one to provide for them. Think of them, my dear son, and if it be in your power assist them.”

Such was my father's letter, and every word in it went to my bosom as a sharp instrument. I took two hundred pounds from the two hundred and fifty that had been given me to provide for my voyage, and transmitted them to my father, to relieve him from his distress. I perhaps acted unthinkingly, and sent more than I ought to have sent—but what will not a son do for a parent when his heart is touched?—and, at all events, I acted as he to whom the money was sent would have acted—from the impulse of the moment, in obedience to the first, the natural dictates of the heart.

I found that I had deprived myself of the power of obtaining many things which were necessary for the voyage, but I rejoiced at the thought of having given liberty to a parent, and happiness to his family; and my spirit enjoyed a secret triumph, which more than counterbalanced any trials I might have to endure.

But the day on which I was to leave Old England arrived, and within four days I saw its white cliffs sink and die away in the distance as a far-off cloud. We had been seven weeks at sea, when a strange vessel hove in sight, and made along side of us. She had a suspicious appearance, and our captain pronounced her to be a pirate. As she drew nearer we could perceive that her crew crowded her deck; and as she continued to bear down upon us there could be little doubt of her intentions. Our deck was cleared and our few guns put in readiness for action. We were the heavier vessel of the two, but she carried three guns for our one, and it was evident her crew almost as ten to one. When the captain had seen every thing made ready for action, he requested me to follow him to the cabin for a few minutes, and when there he said: "Robert," for my Christian name I will communicate to you, "the pirate which is now bearing down upon us is making three knots for our two. Within a quarter of an hour you will hear her shot whizz over us. I don't care so much for both our lives being endangered, for I know already that both our lives are sold; but I regret the issue of this venture for your sake and for my own, and also for that of our owner, for I am certain it would have proved a good one to us all. However, we must all heave-to in deep water or in shallow water some time or other, and the tide has overtaken you and me to-day. Therefore, my lad, don't let us look miserable about the matter. Only I have to tell you (lest I should be one of the first to be swept off the deck when the business of the day begins), that our old owner, who, Heaven bless him, is a regular trump, said to me, just as I had got my papers from the Custom House, and he was shaking hands with

me, 'Tom,' said he (for the old fellow always called me Tom), 'look after that supercargo of mine that you've got on board. He is a countryman of my own. He does not know it, but his father and I used to paddle on Keswick lake together. I have liked him on that account since the first day I clapped my eyes on him, and therefore, I took him into my employ. But, though he didn't think that I saw it, I saw that the chaps of London were too much for him. Therefore, I say, Tom,' said he, 'if you see him like to go too far, for the love I bear the boy bring him up with a short cable.' Such, you see, my lad, is the love which our old owner has for you; and though you may have found him a little gruff now and then (as I have done myself), depend upon it he is a regular trump at the bottom. Therefore I say, let us fight for him now, as better is not to be, until we go to the bottom."

I felt a glow about my heart on account of the kindness of my master, and especially when I found that he was aware of more than I thought he had discovered of my conduct while in London; but it was no time to indulge in a reverie of gratitude, when every moment I expected to hear a twenty-four pounder boom over our deck, and that too, from the deck of a pirate, who did chalk up mercy as one of its attributes.

I went upon deck with our captain, and I had not been there for five minutes when a shot from the pirate damaged our rigging. At the same time she hoisted the black flag.

"It is all up, Bub," said our commander addressing me; "let us die manfully. If I die first sink the vessel before she falls into their hands."

"Trust to me, captain," cried I; "I will see that all is right. We shall win the day, or go to the bottom."

"Bravo, my hearty!" he exclaimed; "I wish you had been a sailor."

The action now began in good earnest, and was kept up on either side with unyielding determination. But they fired three guns to our one, and ever and anon they made an attempt to board us. Our crew

consisted of but fourteen men and three boys—the commander, the mate, and myself included. The mate fell at the first broadside which our enemy poured into us. We maintained the unequal fight for near an hour, when our captain also fell, calling out to me, “Stand out, Bob!—sink her, or beat them!”

“I will, captain,” cried I; but I don’t believe that he lived to hear what I said to him. Our ship’s company was reduced to five able men, and I lay amongst the wounded upon deck. We were boarded, overpowered in a moment, and our vessel became the prize of the pirates. The dead and some of the wounded amongst our crew, were thrown overboard upon the instant. My appearance pleaded for me with the murderers (even as I have heard appearance plead with a prevailing intercession on most occasions in London), and in a state of unconsciousness I was borne on board their vessel. When I raised my eyes and became conscious of my situation, the pirate captain stood over me. My wounds had been bound up, and I aroused myself, and rose up in pain as one awoke from a dream.

“Your name—your name,” said he, addressing me.

“Ha, we are captured, then,” replied I; “my name is of small consequence—I am your victim.”

“Speak,” he cried vehemently, “you wrong me. You are our captives, but I wish to know your name. You are an Englishman—are you from Cumberland? Were you not at the school of old Dominie Lindores?”

“I am—I was!” I gasped in agony.

“And do you,” he continued—“do you remember the boy who, before he was eighteen, and while he was a boarder at the school, ran to Gretna with an heiress from an neighbouring seminary.”

“I do—I do remember it!” I cried.

“And what,” he exclaimed—“what was his name?”

“Belford!” said I.

“Belford,” he cried—“it was indeed Belford. I am not deceived. You are, indeed, my countryman. You are younger than I, but I remember you; I am the

the Belford of whom you have spoken. For auld langsyne, and for the sake of bonny Cumberland, no harm shall happen unto you, nor to ahy of your comrades. I have but one thing to say to you—be obedient.”

Pained and wounded as I was I remembered him. I recollected him as having been a boy, some six years older than myself, at the same school, and in a senior class. But when I would have questioned him he placed his fingers upon his lips, and said, “Speak no more to me at present. Do as I have said—be obedient.”

I thought it a strange thing to be placed a prisoner under the hatches of an old schoolmate; but the assurance that he and I had trembled under the same birch, and played on the same hill-side together, gave me, with his promise of safety, some consolation. My hands were permitted to be at liberty, but my feet were ordered to be kept in irons; and when I went upon the deck I could not step more than six inches at a time. I knew not how my fellow-prisoners fared, for I never saw them.

One day I was requested, or rather I ought to say ordered, to dine with the pirate-captain.

“Your name is Robert,” said he to me; and I answered that it was.

“Well,” he continued, “I wish to save your life, and if it were possible I would spare also your comrades. But there would be danger in doing so, and my fellows whom I must sometimes humour, are to a man against it. I will try, however, either to place you on board a vessel that is not worth shot, or on some island where you are certain of being picked up. In the meantime, here is a purse for you, which you will find will do you more good on shore than any service of mine. A father and a mother’s care,” he added, “I have never known, and from rumour only do I suppose who my parents were. I owe mankind nothing for the kindness they have shown me; and the same love and mercy which I have received from them, I have measured out to them again. Farewell,” he said, and left me.

I knew that he was the reputed son of a gentleman

who had held extensive possessions in Cumberland, but that something of mystery hung over his birth, and that it was reported cruel and unjust means had been resorted to, to deprive him of his lawful inheritance.

His words produced no pleasant feeling in my mind. I found myself in the situation of a person who was pinioned to a certain spot, with a sword suspended over his head by a single hair. But while he spoke I fancied that I heard the sighs of a female in distress. When he left me they were repeated more audibly. I went towards a door in the cabin which led to an apartment from whence the sounds seemed to proceed. I attempted to open the door of the chamber, which was unlocked, and I entered it. Before me sat a lady whose age appeared to be below twenty. She raised her eyes towards me as I entered, and tears ran down her cheeks. Till then I had never seen a face so beautiful, and I will add, or felt beauty's power—I felt as if suddenly ushered into the presence of a being who was more than mortal.

Our interview I will describe. We spoke little; and the words which we did speak were in low and hurried whispers. For we heard the sound of our tyrant's feet pacing over our head, and to have found us in conversation together might have been death to both. Almost without knowing what I said, or for lack of other words, I spoke of the possibility of our escape. A faint smile broke through her tears, and she twice waved her hand silently, as if to say, "It is hopeless—it is hopeless."

From that moment she was present in all my thoughts; when awake she became the one idea of my mind, and in sleep she was the object of my dreams. As I was indulged with some degree of liberty, we met frequently, and although our interviews were short, they were as "stolen water," or as "bread eaten in secret." Their existence was brief, but their memory long. I had informed her of my early acquaintance with the pirate commander, and of all that passed between us from the time of my becoming his prisoner. And when she had

heard all, even she indulged in the dream that our escape might be possible.

It was about a week after my discovery of the fair captive, that I ascertained that two of those who had become prisoners with myself had joined the pirates, and the others had been cast into the sea. My fate their captain still left undecided. My anxiety to escape increased tenfold; but how it was to be accomplished was a question which for ever haunted me, but which I could never answer.

One day we came in contact with a Dutch Lugger, laden with Hollands. The pirates boarded her, but they only "bled" the vessel, as they termed it; they did not take the whole cargo; with what they did take, however, they made a merry carousal: they first became uproarious in their mirth, and eventually they sobered down into a state in which a child might have bound them. I observed the change that was wrought upon them—I saw the advantage I had gained; my thoughts became fixed upon how to profit by it. It was midnight—the moon of an eastern sky flashed upon the sea—the very waters of the mighty deep moved in silence. The few stars which were in the heavens were reflected back from its bosom. On board the vessel not a living creature stirred; the very man at the helm had fallen down as if dead. With the fetters upon my feet, I stood alone, the master of a dead crew. I seized an instrument that lay upon the deck, and endeavoured to unfasten the irons that fettered me. I succeeded in the attempt. It was with difficulty that I restrained from bursting into a shout of joy. But I recollected my situation. I stole on tiptoe to the cabin—I opened the door of the apartment where the fair captive was confined.

"Our hour is come," I whispered in her ear; "we must escape—follow me."

She started and would have spoken aloud, but I placed my finger on her lips, and whispered: "Be silent."

"I come, I come," she said. She followed me, and we ascended to the deck, and stood alone in the midst

of the wild ocean, without knowing whither to direct our course. I unfastened the stern boat and lowered it into the sea. I decended into it with her beneath my arm, and cutting asunder the rope with which I had fastened it, I pulled away from the vessel, which was unto us both a prison-house. My arm was nerved with the strength of despair, and within a few hours I had lost sight of the pirate ship. At daybreak on the following day we were alone in the midst of the vast and solitary sea; and desperate as our situation then was, I felt a glow of happiness at the thought that I should be enabled either to save her life or to risk mine to save her in whom, from the time that I had first seen her, my whole soul had become involved. I now felt and new that it was in my power to serve her, that our fates were united; and when I beheld her alone with me upon the wide ocean, I felt as though her life had been given into my hands, and we both were secure. The thought in which I indulged was realized. We scarce had been twelve hours upon the sea when a vessel passed us at the distance of scarce a mile. I made signals, that she might discover us, and they were observed. She was bound for London, and we were taken on board. I may say that it was now that my acquaintance with the fair being whom I had rescued from the hands of those who would have destroyed her, began. Her beauty grew upon my sight as a summer sun increaseth in glory; and the more that I beheld it the more did I become enchained by its power. It was now for the first time that I ventured to make inquiry concerning her name and birth; when I ascertained that her name was Charlotte Hastings; and upon further inquiry, discovered that she was the niece, and the supposed heiress, of the merchant in whose employment I was. On making this discovery my tongue became dumb. I felt that I loved her because that I had delivered her from death, or from what would have been worse than death. But when I knew that she was my superior in circumstances—the heiress of him in whose employment I was—I stood

before her and was dumb. But there was a language in my eyes while my tongue was silent; and though I spoke not, I had reason to know that she understood its meaning—for often I found her dark eyes anxiously fastened upon me; and while she gazed the tears stole down her cheeks.

We arrived in London. On the day of our arrival, I went towards her, and said, "Madame, we must part."

"Part!" she exclaimed, "wherefore?—tell me wherefore?"

"There is a gulf between our stations," I answered, "which I cannot pass." She then knew nothing of my being but a clerk in her uncle's office, and I was resolved that she never should know. "Charlotte," I said, on first addressing her after landing, "fate has cast us together—in some degree it has mingled our destiny; yet we must part. Fate has gambolled with us—it has mocked us with a child's game. We must part now, not to meet again. Farewell. I could have dreamed in your eyes—yea, I could have lived in the light that fell from them; but, Charlotte, it was not to be my lot—that happiness was reserved for others. We came to this country together; the wind and the waves spared us, and wed us. The troubled sea did not divide us. We escaped from the hands of our destroyers, and fate recorded us as one. But it may be necessary that we should part—for I know the difference between our stations; and if it be so, despise not him that saved you."

Her uncle heard of our captivity and escape with the coldest indifference. Not a muscle of his face moved. The variation of a fraction in the price of the funds would have interested him more.

"I thank you," said he, "for having restored my kinswoman to freedom. Hereafter, it may be in my power to reward you for the act. In the meantime, you must undertake another voyage to the Brazils, which I trust will prove more fortunate than your last."

I had only been fourteen days in London, when another vessel being fitted out, I was ordered again to

embark. During that period, and from the day that I conducted her to her uncle's house, I had not been permitted to see the fair being whom I had rescued; nor did my employer, though I saw him daily, once mention her name to me, or in any way allude to her. Yet during that period, by day and by night, her image had been ever present to my thoughts. There was a singularity in the conduct of the merchant with regard to her which surprised me. I resolved, before my departure, to ask his permission to bid her farewell. I did so.

"Young man," replied he, "romantic thoughts do not accord with the success of a merchant, and with romantic adventures he has nothing to do. You imagine that you love my niece, and she, perhaps, entertains the same foolish thoughts concerning you. It is a delusion arising from the circumstances under which you have become acquainted; but it will pass away as a reflection from the face of a mirror, and leave no trace of existence. When you return you may see her again, but not now."

Lovers are proverbial for their lack of patience, and this assuredly was putting mine to trial. But I knew the temper of the man with whom I had to deal, and yielding to necessity, I sailed without seeing her.

I had been absent for more than two years, and prospered exceedingly in all my dealings. On my return homeward I had to visit Genoa. On the day of my arrival there, a person accosted me on the street by name. Without seeing the speaker when he accosted me, I started at his voice, for I remembered it well. It was Belford the pirate.

"Well," said he, in a sort of whisper, "I give you credit for the manner in which you effected your escape. But you robbed me of a prize which should not have been ransomed for less than a thousand pounds. And before we part," added he gravely, "you shall give me your hand and seal to pay me that sum on the day that she becomes your wife."

I could not forbear a smile at the strange demand, and said that it should be readily complied with, if

ever the event of which he spoke took place; but of that, I assured him, there was but small hope.

"Fool!" said he, "know ye not that the old merchant, her father, intends that ye shall be wed on your arrival in England? And think ye that I know not that ye are to succeed him in business?"

"Her father!" I exclaimed; "of whom do you speak? I know him not. Or do you speak only to mock me?"

"By my right hand," said he, "I speak seriously, and the truth. She believes, and you believe, that she is the niece of old Hastings, your master. She is his daughter—the only daughter of a fair but frail wife, who eloped from him while his child was yet an infant, leaving it to his care. In order to forget the shame which his frail partner had brought upon him, he from that day refused to see his girl, lest her features should remind him of her mother. The girl was sent to Boulogne, where she remained till within two months of the time when you saw her on board of my good privateer. You look astonished," added he, "does my narrative surprise you?"

"It does indeed surprise me," I replied; "but how come you to know these things?"

"Oh," replied he, "I know them, and require but small help from divination. Nine years ago I was commander of one of old Hasting's vessels; and because I was a native of the Borders, forsooth, I, like you, was a favourite with him. He entrusted me with the secret of his having a daughter. Frequently, when I had occasion to put into Boulogne, I carried her presents from him. He also ordered me to bring him over her portrait, and when the old boy took it in his hands, and held it before his face, he wept as though he had been a child. He used me crookedly at last, however; for he accused me of dishonesty, and attempted to bring me to punishment. I was then as honest as noonday—and on land I am honest still, although I have done some bold business upon the high seas. I made a vow that I would be revenged upon him, and but that you thwarted me, I would have been

revenged. I ran my brig into Boulogne. I pretended that I had a message to Miss Hastings from her father, or as I termed him, her uncle, and that she was to accompany me to England. As I had frequently been the bearer of communications from him before, my tale was believed. She accompanied me on board the brig, and we sailed, not for England, but on a roving cruise, as a king of the open sea. I had resolved that no harm should befall her; but I also had determined that she should not set foot upon land until her father came down with a thousand pounds ransom. Of that thousand pounds you deprived me. But on your marriage-day—at the very altar—payment will be demanded. It is not for myself that I desire it," said he, seriously, "for I am a careless fellow, and am content with what the sea gives to me; but I have a son in Cumberland, who will now be about seven years of age. His mother is dead, for my forsaking her broke the poor thing's heart, and hurried her to the grave. My son, I believe, is now the inmate of a workhouse. It is better that he should remain there, than be trained to the gallows by his father. Yet I should wish to see him provided for, and your wife's ransom shall be his inheritance. Give me your bond, and when you see this dagger be ready to fulfil it."

As he spoke he exhibited a small poniard, which he carried concealed beneath his coat. I conceived that his brain was effected, and merely to humour him I agreed to this strange demand.

His words gave birth to wild thoughts, and with an anxious heart I hastened to return to England. My employer received me as though I had not been absent for a week.

"You have done well," he said; "I am satisfied with your undertaking. You did not this time meet with pirates, nor captive damsels to rescue." I hesitated to reply, and I mentioned that I had met and spoken with the pirate commander at Genoa.

He glanced at me sharply for a moment, and added; "Merchants should not converse with robbers."

He sat thoughtful for the space of half an hour, and then requested me to accompany him into his private office. When there he said :

"You inform me that you have again seen Belford, the pirate, and that you have spoken with him. What said he to you? Tell me all—conceal nothing."

I again hesitated, and sought to evade the subject. But he added, more decisively: "Speak on—hide nothing—fear nothing."

I did tell him all, and he sat and heard me unmoved.

When I concluded he took my hand and said: "It is well you have spoken honestly. Listen to me. Charlotte is indeed my daughter. Time has not diminished your affection for each other, which I was afraid was too romantic in its origin to endure. I have put your attachment to each other to severe trials; let it now triumph. Follow me," he added, and I will conduct you to her."

I was blind with happiness, and almost believed that what I heard was but a dream—the fond whispering of an excited brain. I will not describe to you my interview with my Charlotte; I could not—words could not. It was an hour of breathless, of measureless joy. She was more beautiful than ever, and love and joy beamed from her eyes.

Our wedding day came—her father placed her hands in mine and blessed us. We were leaving the church, when a person in the porch, whose figure was wrapped in a cloak approached me, and revealing the point of a dagger, whispered: "Remember your bond."

It was Belford, the daring pirate. I kept faith with him and he received the money.

I will not detain you longer with my history, with my Trials and Triumphs. One of the first acts of my Charlotte was to purchase the estate which had been torn from my father, and she presented it to him as his daughter's gift. On retiring from business I came to reside on it, and built on it this house, which has sheltered you from the storm.

"And your name?" said the listener, "is Mr. Melvin?"

"It is," replied the host.

"Then startle not," continued the stranger, "when you hear that mine is Belford. I am the son of the pirate. My father died not as he lived. When upon his deathbed, he sent for me, and on leaving me his treasure, which was considerable, he commanded me to repay you the thousand pounds which he so strangely exacted from you. From the day on which he received it, he abandoned his desperate course, and through honest dealings became rich. I have brought you your money, with interest up to the present time."

So saying, the stranger placed a pocket-book in the hands of his entertainer, and hastily exclaiming "Farewell!" hurried from the house, and was no more heard of.



THE FAIR.

Yon may smile reader, at the idea of a story entitled —THE FAIR; but read on, and you may find it an appropriate title to a touching, though simple tale. This may seem like the writer's praising his own production; but that is neither here nor there amongst authors, it is done every day; and not amongst authors only, but amongst all trades, crafts and professions. If a man does not speak well of his own wares, whom does he expect to do it for him, when every person is busy selling wares of his own? You know the saying: "He's a silly gardener that lichtlies his ain leeks." But to go on with The Fair. On the Fair day, nature always turns out hundreds of her best human specimens of unsophisticated workmanship. Did you ever examine the countenance of a rustic group around a stall covered with oranges and sweetmeats—a bevy of rural beauties, besieging the heart and the pockets of a rural bachelor of two-and-twenty. The colour of one countenance is deep and varieuse as the rainbow, a second emulates the rose, a third the carnation, while the face of a fourth, who is deemed the old maid of her companions, is sallow as a daffodil after a north wind. There blue eyes woo, and dark eyes glance affection, and ruby lips open with the jocund laugh; and there, too, you may trace the workings of jealousy, rivalry, and envy, and other passions less gentle than love, according as the oranges and gingerbread happened to be divided amongst the fair recipients. You, too, have heard the drum beat of glory, and the shrill note of the fife ring through the streets, while a portly sergeant, with a sword bright as a sunbeam, and unsheathed in his hand, flaunted his

smart cockade, or belike shook a well-lined purse as he marched along, or halting at intervals, shook it again, while harangued the gaping crowd: "Now, my lads, now is the time for fortune and glory. There, by Jupiter! there is the look—the shoulders—the limbs—the gait of a captain at least. Down with the French!" "Down wi' them!" cries a young countryman, flushed with "the barley bree," and borrowing the sword of the sergeant, waves it uncouthly round his head—feels himself a hero—a Samson—a Cæsar—all the glories of Napoleon seem extinguished beneath his sword arm. "Down wi' them!" he cries again more vehemently, and again, "Hurrah for the life of a soldier!" and the next moment the ribbon streams from his Sunday hat. On such incidents turns our present story. Willie Forbes was a hind in Berwickshire. He was also the only child and sole support of a widowed mother, and she loved him as the soul loveth the hope of immortality; for Willie was a dutiful son and a kind one, and, withal, one of whom many mothers in Scotland might have been proud; for his person was goodly as his heart was affectionate; and often as his mother surveyed his stately figure, she thought to herself—as a mother will—that "there wasna a marrow to her Willie in a' braid Scotland." Now, it chanced that, before Willie had completed his twenty-third year, they were "in need of a bit lassie," as his mother said, "to keep up the bondage." Willie, therefore, went to Dunse hiring to engage a servant; but as fate would have it, he seemed to fix upon the most unlikely maiden for field-work in the market. At a corner of the market-place, as if afraid to enter the crowd, stood a lovely girl of about eighteen. Her name was Menie Morrison. "Are ye for hiring the day, hinny?" said Willie, kindly. "Yes," was the low and faltering reply. "And what place was ye at last?" "I never was in service," said she; and as she said this, she faltered more. "An' where does your father live? what is he?" continued Willie. "He is dead," answered Menie, with a sigh. Willie paused a few moments, and added, "And your Mother?"

"Dead, too!" replied the maiden; and tears gushed into her eyes. "Puir thing! puir thing!" said Willie; "weel, I'm sure I dinna ken what to say till't." "You may look at this," said she; and she put into his hands a slip of paper. It was her character from the minister of the parish where she had been brought up. "That's very excellent," said Willie, returning the paper, "very satisfactory—very indeed. But—can ye—can ye hoe?" added he hesitatingly. "Not well," answered she. "I like that, that's honest," added he; "hoein's easy learned. Can ye milk a cow?" "No," she replied. "That's a pity," returned Willie. But he looked again in her face; he saw the tear still there. It was like the sun gilding a summer cloud after a shower, it rendered her face more beautiful. "Weel, its nae great matter," added he, "my mother can learn ye." And Willie Forbes hired Menie Morrison through his heart. In a short time Menie became an excellent servant. Willie and his mothor called her "our Menie." She loved her as a daughter, he as a man loveth the wife of his bosom; and Menie loved both in return. She had been two years in their service, and the wedding day of Menie and Willie was to be in three months. For a few weeks, Willie, from his character and abilities, had been appointed farm-steward. He looked forward to the day when he should be able to take a farm of his own, and Menie would be the mistress of it. But Berwick fair came; Willie had a cow to sell, and Menie was to accompany him to the fair. Now, the cow was sold, and Willie was "gallanting" Menie and three or four of her companions about the streets. He could not do less than bestow a fairing upon each; and he led them to a booth where the usual luxuries of a fair were spread out. At the booth, Willie found his Master's daughter with some of her own acquaintances. She was dressed more gaily than Menie Morrison, and her face was also fair to look upon, but it wanted the soul, the charm that glowed in the countenance of the humble orphan. It had long been whispered about the farm-stead, and at the farm-steads around it, that

"Miss Jean was fond o' Willie Forbes;" and some even said that it was through her partiality he obtained his stewardship. Menie had heard this, and it troubled her; for the breeze that scarce moves the down on the thistle, will move the breast of a woman that loves. Miss Jean accosted the young steward for her fairing. "Ye shall hae that," said Willie, "but there's naething guid eneugh here for the like o' you—come awa to ane o' the shops." So saying he disengaged his arm from Menie Morrison's, and without thinking of what he did, offered it to his master's daughter, and left Menie and her friends at the booth. Poor Menie stood motionless, a mist seemed to gather before her eyes, and the crowd passed before her as a dream. "Ye see how it is," observed her companions, "naething here guid eneugh for her!—if ye speak to him again, Menie, ye deserve to beg on the causie." Her pride was wounded—her heart was touched; a cloud fell upon her affections. Such is human nature that it frequently happens revenge and love are at each other's elbows. Now, Menie was not without other admirers; and it so happened that one of these, who had more pretensions to this worlds goods than Willie Forbes, came up at the moment while her bosom was struggling with bitter feelings. For the first time, Menie turned not away at his approach. He was more liberal in his fairings than Willie could have been. As the custom then was, and in some instances still is, they heard the sounds of music and dancing. Willie's rival pressed Menie and her companions to "step up and hae a reel." They complied, and she accompanied them, scarce knowing what she did, and equally obvious of the consequences which might ensue.

In a few minutes, Willie returned to the booth, but Menie was not there. His eye wandered among the crowd; he walked up and down the streets, but he found her not. Something told him he had done wrong; he had slighted Menie. At length a "good-natured friend" informed him she was dancing with young Laird Lister. The intelligence was wormwood to his spirit.

He hastened to the dancing room, and there he beheld Menie, "the observed of all observers," gliding among her rustic companions lightly as you have seen a butterfly kiss a flower. For a moment and he was proud to look upon her as the queen of the room; but he saw his rival hand her to a seat and his blood boiled. He approached her. She returned his salutation with a cold glance. Another reel had been danced; Willie offered her his hand for a partner in the next. "I'm engaged," said the hitherto gentle Menie; "but maybe Miss Jean will hae nae objections; if there's onything guid enough for her here." At that moment, Willie's rival put his arm through Menie's; she stood by his side; the music struck up, and away they gilded through the winding dance. Willie uttered a short desperate oath, which we dare not write, and hurried from the room. But scarce had he left, till confusion and a sickness of heart came upon Menie. She went wrong in the dance; she stood still; her bosom heaved to bursting; she uttered a cry, and fell upon the floor.

She, in her turn, felt that she had done wrong, and on recovering, she left her companions, and returned home alone. She doubted not but Willie was there before her. The road seemed longer that it had ever done before, for her heart was heavy. She reached his mother's cottage. She listened at the door; she heard not Willie's voice; and she trembled, she knew not why. She entered. The old woman rose to meet her. "Weel, hinny," said she, "hae ye got back again? What sort o' fair has there been? Where is Willie?" "He is comin', I fancy," returned Menie; and she sobbed as she spoke. "Bairn! bairn! there is something no richt," cried the mother, "between ye. Some foolish quarrel, I warrant. But tell me what he's done; and for sending my Menie hame greetin', I'll gie him a hame-comin'!" "No, no, it wasna Willie's wyte," replied Menie, "it was mine; it was a' mine. But dinna be angry." And here the maiden unbosomed her grief, and the old woman took part with her, saying: "Son as he's mine, ye just served him as he deserved,

Menie." Her heart grew lighter as her story was told, and they sat by the window together, watching one party after another return from the fair. But Willie was not amongst them, and as it began to wax late, and acquaintances passed, Menie ran to enquire of them if they had seen anything of Willie; and they shook their heads and said: "No." And it grew later and later, till the last party who had left the fair had passed, singing as they went along; but still there were no tidings of Willie. His mother became miserable, and in the bitterness of her heart, she upbraided Menie, and Menie wept the more. They sat watching through the night and through the morning listening to every sound. They heard the lark begin his song, the poultry leap from their roosts, the cows low on the milk-maidens, and the ploughman prepare for the field; yet Willie made not his appearance. Time grew on till mid-day, and the misery of the mother and of Menie increased. The latter was still dressed in the apparel she had worn on the previous day, and the former throwing on her Sunday gown, they proceeded to the town together to seek for him. They inquired as they went along, and from one they received the information: "I thought I saw him wi' the sodgers in the afternoon." The words were as if a lightning flash had fallen on Menie's heart; his mother wrung her hands in agony, and cried: "My ruined bairn!" And she cast a look on the distressed Menie that had more meaning than kindness in it.

They reached the town, and as they reached it, a vessel was drawing from the quay; she had recruits on board, who were to be landed at Chatham, from whence they were to be shipped to India. Amongst those recruits was Willie Forbes. When he rushed in madness from the dancing-room, he met a recruiting party on the street; he accompanied them to their quarters; he drank with them—out of madness and revenge he drank—he enlisted; he drank again: his indignation kindled against Menie and against his rival; he again swore at the remembrance of her refusing him her hand; he drank deeper; his parent was forgotten; he

took the bounty; he was sworn in; and while the fumes of the liquor yet raged in his brain, maddening him on and drowning reflection, he had next day embarked for Chatham. The vessel had not sailed twenty yard from the quay—Willie and his companions were waving their hats, and giving three cheers as they pulled off—when two women rushed along the quay. The elder stretched out her arms to the vessel; she cried wildly; “Gie me back my bairn!—Willie! Willie Forbes!” He heard her screams above the huzza of the recruits; he knew his mother’s voice; he saw his Menie’s dishevelled hair; the poisonous drink died within him; his hat dropped from his hand; he sprang upon the side of the vessel; he was about to plunge into the river, when he was seized by the soldiers and dragged below. A shriek rang from his mother and from Menie; those who stood around them tried to comfort and pity them tried to comfort and pity them; and by all but themselves, in a few days the circumstance was forgotten.

“Who will provide for me now, when my Willie is gane?” mourned the disconsolate widow, when the first days of her grief had passed. “I will,” answered Menie Morrison; “and your home shall be my home, and my bread your bread, and the Husband o’ widow, and the Father o’ the orphan, will bring our Willie back again.” The old woman pressed her to her breast, and called her “her mair than daughter.” They left the farmstead, and rented a very small cottage at some miles’ distance, and there, to provide for her adopted mother, Menie kept two cows; and in the neighbouring markets her butter was first sold, and her poultry brought the best price. But she toiled in the harvest field, she knitted, she spun, she was the laundress of the gentry in the neighbourhood, she was beloved by all, and nothing came wrong to bonny Menie Morrison. Four years had passed, and they had twice heard from Willie, who had obtained the rank of sergeant. But the fifth year had begun, and from a family in the neighbourhood, Menie had received several newspapers, that as

she said, "she might read to her mother what was gaun on at the wars." She was reading an account of one of the first victories of Wellington in the East, and she passed on to what was entitled A GALLANT EXPLOIT. Her voice suddenly faltered; the paper shook in her hands. "What is't—oh! what is't, Menie?" cried the old woman; "is't onything about Willie? my bairn's no dead?" Menie could not reply she pressed her hands before her eyes and wept aloud. "My son! my son!" exclaimed the wretched widow—"oh is my bairn dead?" The paragraph which had filled Menie with anguish, stated that a daring assault had been led on by Sergeant Forbes of the 21st, after his superiors had fallen, and that he also fell mortally wounded in the moment of victory. I will not attempt to paint their sorrow. Menie put on the garments of widowhood for Willie, and she mourned for him not only many but every day. He had fallen in the arms of glory, yet she accused herself as his murderer.

Five years more had passèd. It was March; but the snow lay upon the ground, and the face of the roads was as glass. A stranger gentleman had been thrown from his horse in the neighbourhood of the widow's cottage. His life had been endangered by the fall, and he was conveyed beneath her lowly roof, where he remained for weeks unable to be removed. He was about fifty or sixty years of age, and his dress and appearance indicated the military officer. Menie was his nurse; and if her beauty and kindness did not inspire the soul of the veteran with love, they moved it with sympathy. He wished to make her a return, and at length, he resolved that that return should be an offer of his hand. He knew he was in his "sere and yellow leaf," and his face was marked with wounds; but for those wounds he had a pension; he had his half-pay as Major, and three thousand pounds in the funds. He would show his gratitude by tendering his hand and fortune to the village maiden. He made known his proposal to the old woman—maternal feelings suggested her first reply:

"She was to be my Willie's wife," said she, ruefully, and wiped away a tear, "she was to be my daughter, and she is my daughter, I canna part with my Menie." But prudence at length prevailed, and she added, "But why should she be buried for me? No, sir, I wadna wrang her, ye are owre kind, and yet she deserves it a', ah' I will advise her as though she had been my ain bairn." But Menie refused to listen to them.

When the sun began to grow warm in the heavens, a chair was brought to the door for the invalid, and Menie and her mother would sit spinning by his side, while he would recount his "battles, sieges, fortunes." And thus, in an evening in May, as the sun was descending on the hills, ran his story: "Fifty of us were made prisoners. We were chained man to man, and cast into a dark, narrow, and damp dungeon. Our only food was a scanty handful of rice and a cup of water once in twenty-four hours. Death, in mercy, thinned our numbers. A worse than plague raged amongst us, our dead comrades lay amongst our feet. The living lay chained to a corpse. All died but myself and my companion to whom I was fettered. He cheered me in fever and sickness. He took the water from his parched lips and held it to mine. And, maiden, I have been interested in you for his sake, for in his sleep he would start, and mention the name of Menie."

"Oh, sir," interrupted Menie and the old woman at once, "what—what was his name?"

"If the world were mine, I would give it to know," replied the Major, and continued; "He succeeded in breaking our fetters. We were left unguarded. 'Let us fly,' said he; but I was unable to follow him. He took me upon his shoulders. It was midnight. He bore me to the woods. For five days he carried me along, or supported me on his arm, till we were within sight of the British lines. There a party of native horsemen came upon us. My deliverer, with no weapon but a branch which he had torn from a tree, defended himself like a lion in its desert. But he fell wounded, and was taken prisoner. A company of our troops

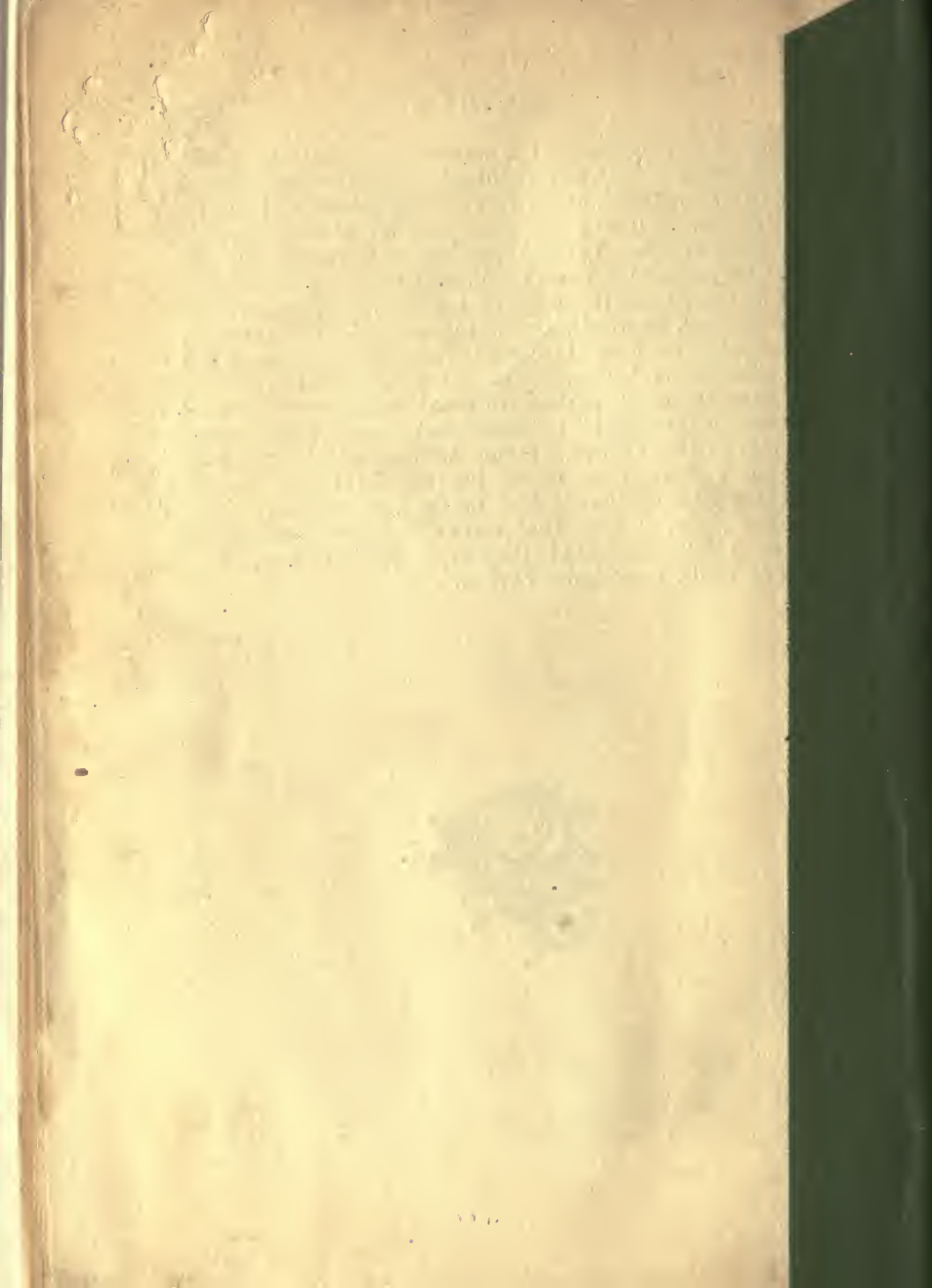
came to our assistance; I was rescued, but my noble deliverer was borne away into the interior, and three years have passed, and I have heard no more of him."

"But it is five years since my Willie fell," sighed Menie Morison. Yet she brooded on the word Menie.

A wayfaring man was seen approaching the cottage. As he drew near the eyes of the Major glistened, his lips moved, he threw down his crutch. He started, unaided, to his feet, "Gracious Heaven!—it is himself!" he exclaimed: "my companion, my deliverer!"

The stranger rushed forward with open arms. "Menie!—mother!" he cried, and speech failed him. It was Willie Forbes. Menie was on his bosom, his mother's arms were round his neck, the old Major procured his discharge, and made him his heir. He took a farm, and on that farm the Major dwelt with them, and "fought his battles over again" to the children of Willie and Menie Forbes.





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